

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series
Volume XX.

No. 3084—August 15, 1903.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXXVIII.

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SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XX.

NO. 3084. AUGUST 15, 1903.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol CCXXXVIII.

GLIMPSES OF RUSKIN.*

John Henry Newman said, when writing to his sister, Mrs. John Mozley, in May, 1863:

It has ever been a hobby of mine, though perhaps it is a truism, not a hobby, that the true life of a man is in his letters... Not only for the interest of a biography, but for arriving at the inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods; but contemporary letters are facts.

That letters afford not the least sure material for the study of character may be clearly seen in a little privately-printed volume, *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, now before us. In January, 1878, and again in October of the same year, John Ruskin visited Hawarden. A correspondence was thus opened up with the younger daughter of the house (M. G.), of which about forty letters, with a few to her less-favored sister (H. G.), are here brought together. And such are these letters—always personal, characteristic, spontaneous—that the fragments of self-portraiture which they contain are

indispensable to any authentic and faithful biography of the writer. It has been contended that of all qualities the most essential in a letter are ease and naturalness, lightness of touch, the sense for the little things which are the staple of conversation and correspondence as well as of life, the ever present consciousness that one is simply one's self and not an author or an editor. Ruskin's letters, even when stormy and maledictory, undoubtedly possess these qualities, and they are often, like the productions of the greatest masters in the art of letter-writing, among the most truly entertaining kinds of lighter literature of which our language can boast.

The *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, generally valuable as they are acknowledged to be, with their references of public interest and their treasures not to be kept under lock and key, do not, however, stand alone. A charming introduction by Mr. George Wyndham, an unacknowledged though fascinating fragment of a diary, and two papers of considerable value by Canon Scott Holland, make them doubly acceptable to every Ruskin-reader.

The pictures of Ruskin supplied by

* "Letters to M. G. and H. G." By John Ruskin. With Preface by the Right Hon. G. Wyndham. (Privately printed. 1903.)

these additional pages deserve to be placed with the best. Canon Scott Holland well portrays him as a man who went straight to the heart:

He came up to one so confidentially, so appealingly, with the wistful look in his gray-glinting eyes, which seemed to say, "I never find anybody who quite understands me, but I still hope and think that you will." How quaint, the mingling of this wistfulness in the face with the spotted blue stock and the collars and the frock-coat, which made him look like something between an old-fashioned nobleman of the forties and an angel that had lost its way. The small, bird-like head and hands and figure had, nevertheless, a curious and old-world pomp in their gait and motions. The bushy eyebrows gave a strength to the upper part of the face which was a little unexpected, and which found its proper balance in the white beard of his last years. He, somehow, moved one as with the delicate tenderness of a woman; and he felt frail, as if the roughness of the world would hurt and break him; and one longed to shelter him from all that was ugly and cruel.

Side by side with this might go the anonymous diarist's description of Ruskin as a talker, which reminds us of Mr. Frederic Harrison's references to Ruskin's indescribable charm of spontaneous lovingness—the irrepressible bubbling up of a bright nature full to the brim with enthusiasm, chivalry, and affection:

Then—*absente magistro*—a quick tangle of remarks followed on his manifold pleasant ways; his graceful and delightful manner—bright, gentle, delicately courteous; the lyric melody of his voice—more intensely spiritual, more subdued passion, more thrilling than any voice I ever heard. He is a swift observer and acute. Not talkative, but ever willing to be interested in things, and to throw gleams of his soul's sunlight over them; original in his dazzling idealism. For ever "thinking on whatsoever

things are pure, and lovely, and of good report," etc.; *annihilating*, in the intense white heat of his passionate contempt and hatred, all vile, dark, hateful things. They are not—cannot be. They are lies, negations, blanks, nonentities. "God is—and there is none else beside Him!"

There are other glimpses of Ruskin which may not be disregarded. We see him on the first night of his visit to Hawarden rising abruptly from his chair (at a quarter to eleven), during an absorbing conversation, and with the remark, "I always go early to bed," vanishing, to the dismay of the company. We also see him seeking the prettiest possible pair of gauntlet gloves—rough gloves for country walks among thistles, only they must be pretty—that will fit a little girl of eleven or ten who won them, not fairly (more's the pity) in a skirmish with burdock heads, in which he had no chance. Again, we have an exceptionally charming sight of great men at play. At Hawarden, on an October evening in 1878, were gathered together John Ruskin, the possessor, according to Mazzini, of the most analytic mind in Europe; the Duke of Argyll, who, Ruskin declared, used to be so grim at the Metaphysical, he never ventured within the table's length of him; and W. E. Gladstone, of whom professor Huxley, no great admirer of the famous statesman, said, "Here is a man with the greatest intellect in Europe." For the delectation of these three, two of whom were men of, in their own way, unrivalled genius,

— brought the Fishery Game, and the Duke of Argyll and W. E. G., and Ruskin and Mrs. W. H. G., and others, all played, and laughed a good deal. Ruskin approved the idea of the game, but wanted lovely little fishes with silver scales—instead of little ugly lumps of wood—to catch.

We are reminded of the great Lord

Eldon yielding himself to childlike gaiety, and observing, "You don't know the luxury of playing the fool"; of Dean Swift relieving his tense and tragic moods by harnessing his servants—once even his learned friend, Dr. Sheridan—with cords, and driving them up and down the stairs and through the rooms of his deanery; of Dugald Stewart amusing himself with attempts to balance a peacock's feather on his nose, and having Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian, as a competitor in the curious contest of skill; of Faraday and Harding, the artist, dining at the Royal Institution, and after dinner nearly always having games together, just like boys—sometimes with horse-chestnuts instead of marbles; and of Lord Bacon censuring chess as "too wise a game."

The conversations described in this volume are of special worth to the Ruskin-student, and their general interest is largely enhanced by the prominent part taken in them by Mr. Gladstone. That, during this period, at any rate, Ruskin dreaded conversation, it is clearly evident. "The excitement of conversation breaks me or bends me banefully always," he pathetically says. And, further, he writes of the weaknesses and the worries which compel him to stay at home and forbid all talking, and asserts that nearly every word anybody says, if he cares for the speaker, either grieves or astonishes him to an alarming degree. Yet nowhere, perhaps, does Ruskin appear in a more attractive and vivid light as a conversationalist, and nowhere may be found, within similar limits, so much that has a close connection with the special features of his teaching. His hearers sometimes wonder that he is not wholly paralyzed by the utter hopelessness, the real, pure despair beneath the sunlight of his smile, and ringing through all he says; they are also struck with the simplic-

ity and modesty with which, after asserting that the man who has failed in any subject has no right whatsoever to say one word respecting the subject in which he has failed, he alludes to himself as one who has entirely failed.

But while they cannot but be conscious that they are listening to a man of strange despair over all that is known of human politics, and all that may be guessed of their future development, and while they may not choose to accept much that he says, they do not readily miss a single word uttered by this crotcheteer with a tongue of gold, or fail to recognize "the gracious courage with which, whilst treading a *via dolorosa*, he placed a posy before every shrine of Beauty and Gentleness and Love."

William Wilberforce said of Edmund Burke that "like the fated object of the fairy's favors, whenever he opened his mouth pearls and diamonds dropped from him." Somewhat similar language might often have been used, with peculiar fitness, concerning Ruskin. His conversational faculty sprang from his character and intellect—was the natural outcome of the emotions, the animal spirits, as well as of mental gifts. Like his master, Carlyle, he had "a natural tendency to exaggeration," but, like Carlyle, he was always, even in his most perverse moods, worth hearing. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his recent contribution to the *English Men of Letters*, writes of Ruskin as one of the most fascinating and impressive beings whom he ever met; and declares that not even Tennyson, Carlyle, Mazzini, Bright, Browning, and other equally famous men, had ever in social intercourse impressed him more vividly with a sense of intense personality, with the inexplicable light of genius which seemed to well up spontaneously from heart and brain. Such expressions of opin-

ion may receive ample support from the little book now under notice.

But, as I have already intimated, the conversations here referred to gain in value and attractiveness from the fact that they were carried on either with Mr. Gladstone or in his immediate presence. With excellent judgment Mr. George Wyndham characterizes the illustrious host and his illustrious guest—Gladstone, the statesman, theologian, and prophet of moral energy in the practical affairs of a nation's life, who ever believed, not alone in the merits of his cause, but in the certainty of its triumph; Ruskin, the rhetorician, teacher, and the diviner of the Beautiful, who yet disbelieved in its acceptability by man. Mr. Wyndham also refers to

the talk that passed between these two, who seemed opposite in aim and were so in method; approaching life, whether as a problem to be solved or a task to be accomplished, by divergent paths and with sentiments widely sundered; the one, in grim earnestness and absolute faith; the other, with sunlit grace playing over all but absolute despair.

In this connection even the brief allusions in Mr. Gladstone's private diary to Ruskin's Hawarden visits cannot be neglected:

We had much conversation—interesting, of course, as it must always be with him. . . In some respects an unrivalled guest, and those important respects too. . . No diminution of charm. . . Mr. Ruskin developed his political opinions. They aim at the restoration of the Judaic system and exhibit a mixture of virtuous absolutism and Christian socialism. All in his charming and benevolent manner.

There is unquestionably much throughout the records here supplied to help to an adequate appreciation of Ruskin's life and work, even though there is little in them to cause surprise to those who really know his

books. We will listen to him as he speaks through these pages. It will be remembered how Ruskin has contended that scientific pursuits are always in their nature adverse to higher contemplation, having a tendency to chill and subdue the feelings, and to resolve all things into atoms and numbers; that for most men an ignorant enjoyment is better than an informed one—it is better to conceive the sky as a blue dome than a dark cavity, and the cloud as a golden throne than a sleety mist; and that the pursuit of science should constantly be stayed by the love of beauty, and accuracy of knowledge by tenderness of emotion. At Mr. Gladstone's table, Mr. Ruskin, according to the anonymous diarist, decried Museums, and Natural Science in general, as tending to fix attention upon all Nature's mistakes and failings—every abnormal, ugly, and loathsome specimen of Nature's doings.

In Museums we ought to have specimens—the loveliest, most perfect that are to be found—of Nature's handiwork. Birds in all their feathers, animals in their skins. I don't ever desire to see a Dodo in its skeleton state; I never saw one in its plumage, and why should I wish to see one without?

We should never look at, or think of, anything unlovely, impure, horrible; we should remedy evils by bringing up the good against them, to scathe and annihilate them. For practical purposes, he further urged, we know right and wrong sufficiently; or, rather, we have enough knowledge of what beauty, truth, and goodness are, to work and live in. There is no need to learn negatively; simply go forward, look forward; never look backward. "He that putteth his hand . . . and looketh back," etc.

At the same time (January, 1878) Ruskin assured Gladstone that for at least twenty years he had made it a

rule to know nothing about doubtful and controverted facts—nothing but what was absolutely true—absolutely certain. He did not care for opinions, views, speculations, the truth of which was doubtful. He wished to know only true things; and there were enough of them to take a full lifetime to learn. Even when his host spoke of round towers in Ireland, Ruskin said that, as it was a controverted subject, he knew nothing about it. He also advocated an ideal newspaper—an absolutely truthful journal. He hated finding that what he believed yesterday he must disbelieve to-day. A newspaper should be started which could be entirely trusted. What would delay in the appearance of items of intelligence signify if only the truth could thereby be assured? Instead of furnishing columns full of conspicuous villainy and abomination, the newspaper should tell of the people best worth knowing in the neighborhood, with notes of their moral characteristics—nothing but pure and beautiful things. At present it was the most infamous people who were forced upon our thoughts. The gentlest, purest, noblest of mankind should be published to the world, made famous in the journals. There need be no fear of spoiling the truly good people by bringing them into prominence. To-day they were precisely the last people in a place to be heard of.

Again, while Gladstone looked with puzzled earnestness, Ruskin expounded at length, with his inseparable humor and seriousness, a scheme for the enforcement of social responsibility for crime. The inhabitants of every place were guilty of the crimes done in their neighborhood. Why had they not sustained a higher moral tone, which would make men ashamed to commit crime when they were near? Why had they allowed the conditions which lead to crime? Every man should feel

every crime as his own. Would it not be well to divide London into districts, so that when a murder was committed in any one district those who lived there should draw lots to decide who should suffer for it? Might not the public conscience be thereby quickened, and would not the moral effect be excellent if the man on whom the lot fell should be of a peculiarly high character? Ruskin even thought that this might lead to the murderer's permanent reform. And as to prison reforms, it was silly to fuss about the insides of prisons. Once people were sent to prison, the inside should be made as bad as possible. Reform was wanted outside. Society made crime possible. The real criminals were the idle rich. Every man who had a large income should be imprisoned if he did no work.

Thus "the 'brevet' son of Carlyle" fulminated and argued, to the delight and astonishment of his hearers. He mournfully admitted the failure of the Hinksey work owing to the want of an earnest spirit in the undergraduates. They played at it. "It is only one of the many signs of the diabolical condition of Oxford." He considered that racing at Oxford was utterly ruinous, and the boats were the destruction of all the river's charm and beauties; also that riding should be encouraged at Oxford—the horse, like other things, was ruined (he spoke as an artist, of its beauty ideally) by racing. He believed taste was improving in many ways. He gave his support to the defenders of Thirlmere only out of consideration for his friends' wishes. Excursionists had entirely spoiled the lake for rational enjoyment. "Its bottom was literally paved over with broken plates and dishes, so it might as well go altogether, and be drained away." He discoursed on domestic virtues. Mothers ought not to expend their love upon

their own children, but while making that love a central care, should love all other children too; especially the poor and suffering. "To be a father to the fatherless is the peculiar glory of a Christian." He preached on marriage, how the woman should not venture to hope for or think for perfectness in him she would love, but he should believe the maiden to be purity and perfection, absolute and unqualified; perfectly faultless, entirely lovely. "Women are, in general, far nobler, purer, more divinely perfect than men, because they come less in contact with evil." He declared that one of the loveliest graces of holy childhood—that pretty leaning of a youngling against a person's knee, and bending over gracefully as a lily, with inimitably winsome love—was rarely caught by artists. He knew only one artist—Vandyke—who had truly found it. He—"Socialist, Aristocrat, dreaming Idealist, hater of modern 'Liberty,' of pride of wealth, of bastard 'Patriotism'; lover of the poor and the laborious, toiling multitude; . . . detesting war and its 'standing armies'"—declared at Hawarden his great truths, while the Duke of Argyll cavilled impatiently and Mr. Gladstone accepted the speaker's principles but differed widely as to their practical application. He felt that war—unless a moral necessity—was a most stupendous crime, and that Christianity certainly made *against* war; he almost scorned Mozley's great argument, "that by its recognition of *nations* Christianity implicitly sanctions war" as fallacious and childish; and in response to the Duke's, "You seem to want a very different world from that we experience," exclaimed, "Yea, verily, a new heaven and a new earth, and the former things passed away."

This also was his verdict: It was no day for Art, while our filthy cities cried to Heaven against us.

So he preached with ever intenser vehemence and skill, giving precision and reality and exquisite utterance to that which had been, in Carlyle, but as a thunderous roar.

Canon Scott Holland observes that

The amusement of the meeting of the two (Gladstone and Ruskin) lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. The brimming optimism of Mr. Gladstone, hoping all things, believing everybody, came clashing up at every turn with the inveterate pessimism of Mr. Ruskin, who saw nothing on every side but a world rushing headlong down into the pit. They might talk on the safest of topics, and still the contrast was inevitable.

In *Praterita* Ruskin tells us that in these talks with him Gladstone disputed *all* the principles before their application; and the application of all that got past the dispute. At one time the conversation turned on Homer and the *Iliad*, and the hearers thought that there, surely, could be no differences of opinion. But Gladstone proceeded to show, from a certain passage, how clear it was that even Homer had entered into those principles of barter which modern economic science would justify; and Ruskin responded, in a tone of bitter regret, "And to think that the devil of Political Economy was alive even then." On another occasion Sir Walter Scott was brought to the front, and a subject provided that could not fail to be dear to the heart of host and visitor alike. But Gladstone happened to say that "Sir Walter had made Scotland," and Ruskin wished to know what he meant by the remark. Then Gladstone dilated upon the immense improvement, since Sir Walter wrote, in the means of communication in Scotland, and referred at length to the previous isolation of life in the Highlands and the

number of delighted excursionists now conveyed up and down the Trossachs. "But, my dear sir," Ruskin broke in at last, "that is not making Scotland, that is unmaking it." This was an echo of a letter, written by Ruskin five years before, and offered recently for sale, "I am obliged by the invitation of the Caledonian Society, but I never go to public dinners, and if steam ploughs are to be used in Caledonia, no dinners will preserve the memory of Burns"; or of another letter, in which he alluded to railroads as "animated and deliberate earthquakes, destructive of all wise social habits and possible natural beauty."

These ruptures of interest were bound to occur. The one trusted in the democratic movement, however chaotic and vulgar might be some of its manifestations; the other had learnt from his Master, and faithfully repeated his lesson, that the only hope for the great mass of mankind lay in obedience to the strong will of the strong man who would know so much better for them than they would themselves what it was their true life needed. But the beautiful thing of it all was that, in spite of every collision, they learnt to like and love each other better and better.

But, as I have pointed out elsewhere (in the *Daily Chronicle*), this volume is in other respects important because of its connection with the great name of Gladstone. In Letter lvii, of *Fors Clavigera* occurs a significant blank, in the middle of which is a statement that "the passage now and henceforward omitted in this place contained an attack on Mr. Gladstone, written under a complete misconception of his character," and, further, that the blank space is left "partly in due memorial of rash judgment." In "Letter the 87th" (*Fors*) Mr. Ruskin expresses "great shame" for these omitted words, written, he says, "in utter mis-

understanding of Mr. Gladstone's character." In these *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, we have, for the first time, a full explanation of Ruskin's change of front.

We are here told that Gladstone and Ruskin did not meet before the beginning of 1878. Canon Scott Holland, who was then at Hawarden, but who curiously says "about 1881" for 1878, states that an article by Ruskin in the *Nineteenth Century* had profoundly moved Gladstone, and that the invitation to Ruskin had been thus suggested. Ruskin himself, in his first letter to Miss Mary Gladstone, writes: "I thank *Fors* and your sweet sister very solemnly for having let me see your father." Notwithstanding Canon Scott Holland, we therefore think it highly probable that Letter lxxxiv, in *Fors*, and Mrs. Wickham (Mr. Gladstone's daughter) prepared the way for Ruskin's Hawarden visit. It was not, however, the first meeting of the two illustrious men. *Praterita* must not be forgotten, with its picture of Ruskin at Lady Davy's table, in the company of J. G. Lockhart's daughter, of whom he was enamored, but who he found didn't care for a word he said.

And Mr. Gladstone was on the other side of her—and the precious moments were all thrown away in quarrelling across her, with him, about Neapolitan prisons. He couldn't see, as I did, that the real prisoners were the people outside.

It is distinctly amusing to read how, as Ruskin drove with Canon Scott Holland from Broughton station to Hawarden, it was discovered that he had

the darkest view possible of his host, imbibed from the "Master," Carlyle, to whose imagination he figured apparently as the symbol of all with which he was at war. Ruskin was therefore extremely timid and suspicious, and

had secured, in view of a possible retreat, a telegram which might at any moment summon him home; this telegram loomed largely the first day, and we were constantly under its menace. But as hour by hour he got happier, the references to its possible arrival came more and more rarely, and finally it became purely mythical.

In these letters and diaries—as Mr. Wyndham tells us—we may see the instant birth of mutual esteem between Ruskin and his unrivalled host, and watch it ripening into the fruit of friendship; whilst, as that ripens, a thousand blossoms of playfulness and affection are put forth by Ruskin's admiration and love for the daughter of the house. Canon Scott Holland says that Ruskin threw off every touch of suspicion with which he had arrived, and showed, with all the frankness and charm of a child, his new sense of the greatness and nobility of the character of his host. As he stood on the hall steps when departing at the close of a three days' visit, he begged publicly to recant all that he had ever said or thought against Mr. Gladstone. It was a complete victory, and all the more noticeable just because the two talked a different language and moved in different worlds. Canon Scott Holland drove with Ruskin to the station, and was freely told of the joy of the discovery, but found him "a little nervous as to how he was going to explain it to 'the Master' when he got back to Chelsea"!

Ruskin himself shall tell of the change in his opinion of Gladstone. When, in his first letter (January 18, 1878) to Miss Mary Gladstone, he expresses gratitude for having been enabled to see her father and understand him in his earnestness, he adds:

How is it possible for the men who have known him long to allow the thought of his course of conduct now,

or at any other time, having been warped by ambition, to diminish the lustre and the power of his name? I have been grievously deceived concerning him myself, and have once written words about him which I trust you at least may never see. They shall be effaced henceforward (I have written to cancel the page on which they are). If ever you see them, forgive me, and you will know what it is to forgive.

And writing again to Miss Gladstone, a few days later, Ruskin says:

It was a complete revelation to me, and has taught me a marvelous quantity of most precious things—above all things, the rashness of my own judgment (not as to the right or wrong of things themselves, but as to the temper in which men say and do them).

Even after such acknowledgments as these, Ruskin, psychological puzzle that he was, indulged himself in an occasional fling. But, as we are reminded,

vehement language was with Ruskin a literary intoxication rather than a mortal fault. He has paid a bitter penalty for failing to overcome the tendency. To paraphrase an absurd epigram about Oliver Goldsmith's talk and his books, it might be said of Ruskin that he talked like an angel and wrote as if he were one of the Major Prophets.¹

In the summer of 1879 he penned his famous Glasgow letter, in which he declared that he cared no more either for Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam, but that he hated all Liberalism as he did Beelzebub, and that, with Carlyle, he stood alone in England for God and the Queen. And in April, 1884, a conversation he had with Mr. M. H. Spielmann appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and was quoted in every direction. In it he said that

¹ Frederic Harrison.

there was one political opinion he *did* entertain—that Mr. Gladstone was an old windbag, who used his splendid gifts of oratory, not for the elucidation of a subject, but for its vaporization in a cloud of words.

It is no matter for surprise that both these roughly-expressed sentiments were ill-received at Hawarden. The continuity of Ruskin's letters to Mr. Gladstone's daughter is significantly broken, and from Mr. Spielmann we learn that, according to Ruskin's own admission, the "windbag" remark gave the greatest offence to Miss Gladstone, of whom he was so fond, and now she wouldn't look at him! But no one who reads these delightful letters can doubt that every breach was happily healed. The Glasgow communication—so Ruskin explained to M. G.—was perfectly deliberate, and meant, *once for all*, to say on the matter all he had to say; but he was in a tired state at the time, and it was written between two coats of color which he was laying on an oak leaf, and about which he was, that morning, exceedingly solicitous. M. G. had been candidly enough always warned of the adversary side in him, though he did not show it "up the lawn nor by the wood" at Hawarden; and she must remember that if her father said publicly of him that he cared no more for Ruskin (meaning Political and Economical Ruskin) than for a broken bottle stuck on the top of a wall—he should say—only—well, he knew that before—but the rest of Ruskin he loved, for all that. He loves and honors Mr. Gladstone as a perfectly right-minded private English gentleman; as a man of purest religious temper, and as one tenderly compassionate, and as one earnestly (desiring to be) just; but he has always fiercely opposed his politics, and has always "Despised (forgive the Gorgonian word) his way of declaring them to

the people," just as he has always despised also Lord Beaconsfield's methods of appealing to Parliament and to the Queen's ambition. He never for an instant meant any comparison or likeness between Disraeli and Gladstone—they merely had to be named as they were questioned of. It is "unspeakably sweet" of Mr. Gladstone and his daughter to forgive him so soon, and he is inclined to believe anything she will tell him of her father after that. And she must believe he was never in his life in such peril of losing his "political independence" as under his little Madonna's power at Hawarden. There is forgiveness also after the "windbag" conversation, and Miss Gladstone shows herself to be "really the most perfect angel that ever St. Cecilia brought up." But, according to Canon Scott Holland's admirable summing up of the case, it was impossible for Gladstone and Ruskin to co-operate. For all that, however,

they learnt to know that they were fighting on the same side in the great warfare between good and ill; that they had the same cause at heart; that they both trusted in the supremacy of conscience over all material things, and in the reality of righteousness, and in the hatefulness of lust and cruelty and wrong. Their spirits drew together, though their ways lay so far apart; and this because, for both, life had its deep root in plenty, and had its one and only consummation in God.

Some one has said that Ruskin expanded the Gospel of the Eternal Beauties into three hundred exquisite volumes. Well, this charming little book has many things as characteristic of Ruskin as any to be found in all the long line of his works; it is also strewn with the most welcome personal touches. In such intimate correspondence as this we should expect to

find references to certain names and topics closely associated with Ruskin, and we are not disappointed. He who in the days of early childhood, when badly bitten on the lip by a dog, observed, "Mama, though I can't speak, I can play upon the fiddle," and who long after, in "Time and Tide" (Letter xi.), thus celebrated the power of music:

Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; it is the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of men—helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music, unheard of others, which so often haunts the deathbed of pure and innocent spirits,

was a devoted music-lover to the end of his days, as these letters repeatedly and clearly reveal. At the close of 1886 he writes to Miss Gladstone: "I am more passionately and carefully occupied in music than ever yet." We here learn, too, how he would be so moved by Miss Gladstone's playing that words failed him, and he could only say, "Thank you, thank you." The music seemed to have such deep effect that the effect was dumb. With his master, Carlyle, he realized that music was "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that." As the trouble grew in his brain he turned for relief to music. Miss Gladstone had to come to play for him in his bad hours, and he would have the Cathedral at Christ Church closed at times for him to roam up and down it and listen to the organ.

Ruskin here happens to refer to music in connection with Browning: "He knows much of music, does not he? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords." This remark was probably one of Ruskin's perversities: we do not forget that he praised and rec-

ommended Browning (in the *Elements of Drawing*), and that in *Modern Painters* (vol. iv.) he warmly eulogized him as unerring in every sentence he wrote of the Middle Ages; always vital, right, and profound. And he keenly appreciated Miss Gladstone's singularly apt application to himself of words used by Paracelsus in regard to April:

. . . . How he stands
With eve's last sunbeam staying on
his hair
Which turns to it as if they were akin:
And those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue
Nearly set free, so far they rise above
The painful fruitless striving of the brow,
And enforced knowledge of the lips,
firm-set
In slow despondency's eternal sigh!
Has he, too, missed life's end, and learned the cause?

By the way, Ruskin's first letter to M. G. has a significant allusion to Tennyson, who is several times mentioned with qualifications—"earnest and doubtful," etc.—in *Modern Painters*. Ruskin having written above Mr. F. W. H. Myers' "St. John the Baptist," the words, "J. R., with deep thanks," explains that the thanks were meant

to distinguish the poem as one which had taught and helped one in the highest ways, from those which one merely reads with admiration or equal sympathy; one falls "upon the great world's altar stairs" helplessly beside Tennyson. I thank Myers for lifting me up again.

There are other allusions which cannot be unheeded. All who have read *Fors* know what charmingly-expressed admiration Ruskin there lavished upon St. Ursula and Carpaccio's picture of her. She "became to Ruskin much what Beatrice was to Dante." Mr. Collingwood has told us that the thought of "What would St. Ursula

say?" led Ruskin—not always, but far more often than his correspondents knew—to burn the letter of sharp retort upon stupidity and impertinence, and to force the wearied brain and overstrung nerves into patience and a kindly answer. This volume refers to many things, graceful and artlessly exquisite beyond words, which Ruskin said or chanted—or looked—in telling at Hawarden about the Saint—her loveliness and radiant purity and holiness; and it relates how he spoke of the modesty and simplicity of Carpaccio, who would be known only as Titian's disciple, and "put his name to his pictures in the mouth of a lizard or some other beastly little animal."

But in 1845, twenty-four years before Ruskin became thus attracted to St. Ursula, he had fallen in love with the statue of Ilaria, with a hound at her feet, at Lucca, about whose lips there was that "which forbids breath; something which is not death nor sleep, but the pure image of both." Pages could be written concerning Ruskin and Ilaria. We find her in these letters: as late as October, 1882, in writing from Italy, Ruskin says: "I've got my Ilaria here and her pug dog, and am rather happy."

We know, from Tennyson's "Life," how, in 1858, Ruskin was overheard by the poet apostrophizing Sir Edward Burne-Jones as an artist: "Jones, you are gigantic"; and we learn elsewhere how, a few months before Ruskin passed away, and on the eve of the painter's death, he stood looking at the portrait of Sir Edward, and, gazing, said, "That's my dear brother, Ned." The remembrance of such things makes certain references in these letters more than ever acceptable. One day (October, 1878), Ruskin is not inclined for "play," but is fit for no work, and yet the thoughts come into his head, and if he doesn't set them

down' they torment him—the angry ones chiefly; and to keep them quiet he *must* try to set down some of the pretty ones, so he's going to write about Ned's pics." In another place he says that, much as they love each other, there are certain points of essential difference in feeling between them, which he sometimes hurts Burne-Jones by showing, and "myself much more through him." Then, of course, we have mention of Burne-Jones's drawing of Miss Gladstone, of which an enthusiastic appreciation was given in *The Art of England*, and of which this volume of letters contains a reproduction. "The picture is quite lovely. He never did anything else like it."

These letters abound in allusions which tempt to quotation and comment—one hardly knows where to begin or where to end. I venture to reproduce, in its entirety, the text of a letter to M. G., dated from Herne Hill, March, 1882, even though the letter is not free from obscurity:

I have been darkly ill again. I do not yet quite yet know *how* ill, or how near the end of illness in this world, but I am to-day able to write (as far as this may be called writing) again; and I fain would pray your pardon for what must seem only madness still, in asking you to tell your Father how terrified I am at the position he still holds in the House, for separate law for Ireland and England.

For these seven, nay, these *ten years*, I have tried to get either Mr. Gladstone, or any other conscientious Minister of the Crown, to feel that the law of land possession was for all the world, and eternal as the mountains and the sea.

Those who possess the land must live *on* it, not by taxing it.

Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before *that* Word of God shall pass away, "The Land is Mine."

And the position taken by the Parliament just now is so frightful to me, in its absolute defiance of every hu-

man prognostic of Revolution, that I *must* write to you in this solemn way about it, the first note I gravely sit down to write in my old nursery, with, I trust, yet uncrushed life and brain.

A few brief, disconnected extracts from these letters, which show Ruskin under various aspects—observer and lover of nature, writer, playful and affectionate friend—must also be given.

I don't think a pretty tree is ever meant to be drawn with all its leaves on, any more than a day when its sun is at noon. One draws the day in its morning or evening, the tree in its spring or autumn.

It is a great grace of the olive, not enough thought on, that it does not hurt the grass underneath.

I'm so very glad your father is interested in "Deucalion." I never get any credit from anybody for my geology, and it is the best of me by far. And I really think I've got those stuck-up surveyors in a fix, rather! I'm going in at the botanists next, and making diagrams of trees to ask them questions about . . . I never was so lazy as I am just now, in all my life. If only I enjoyed being lazy I should not mind, but I'm only ashamed of myself, and get none of the comfort.

I'm thinking over a word or two I want to say in a new small edition of *Seame and Lilies*, for girls only, without the mystery of life—just a few words about obeying Fathers as well as ruling Husbands. I'm more and more convinced of the total inability of Men to manage themselves, much less than wives and daughters; but its pretty of daughters to be obedient, and the book's imperfect without a word or two in favor of the papas. (You can guess why it hadn't that—at first.) (Ash Wednesday, 1882.)

(Ruskin's filial devotion was inseparable from his life. In these letters he confesses to a lurking tenderness for Disraeli, "because my own father had a liking for him.")

The second Volume (of *Præterita*) is giving me a lot of trouble, because I have to describe many things in it that people never see nowadays—and it is like writing about the moon. Also, when I begin to crow a little, it doesn't read so pretty as the humble pie. (April, 1886.)

I wish I could make her well again—and bring the years back again, and move the shadow from the dial evermore.

If a great illness like that is quite conquered, the return to the lovely world is well worth having left it for the painful time; one never knew what beauty was before (unless in happy love which I had about two hours and three-quarters of once in my life).

When I got your letter, on an extremely wet day at Annecy, it was as if a bit of the sky had tumbled after the rain.

Bless you? Blest if I do; I'll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don't you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes—it's the last chance you'll have of doing anything to please me, for I don't like married women . . . As for the poverty and cottage, and all the rest of that nonsense, do you think you'll get any credit in Heaven for being poor when you fall in love first? If you had married a conscientious Bishop and made him live in a pig-sty—*a la bonne heure!* (December, 1885.)

I didn't mean, and never have thought, that girls were higher or holier than wives—Heaven forbid! I merely said I liked them better; which, surely, is extremely proper of me.

I'm a great believer in goodness, and fancy there are many people who ought to be canonized who never are; so that, be a man ever so good, I'm not idolatrous of him. (If it is a—Madonna, it's another thing, you know.)

Here are a few "saucy" messages to Mr. Gladstone:

I don't think he need have set himself in the Nineteenth Century to

prove to the Nineteenth Century that "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge were valueless." (July 28, 1879.)

Dear love to your father; but tell him he hasn't scattered the Angelic Land-League, and that that Punch is not a representation of its stick or shillelagh—power. (February 15, 1881.)

I'm so wild just now because your father won't make *me* Prime Minister for a day, like the Sleeper Awakened. (March 29, 1885.)

If the Queen would have me for Grand Vizier, I'd save papa such a lot of trouble, and come and chop twigs with him afterwards—when he'd got the tree down. (April 2, 1886.)

How thoroughly characteristic all the letters are of Ruskin! We find him "in a wonderfully sad marsh and pool of thought"; asserting, again, that he has so much to do with death that he is "far better in the house of mourning than of feasting, when the mourning is noble, and not selfish"; or despondent at the "short days and shorter years"; or "rather going down the hill than up, it's so slippery," but he hasn't "turned—only slipped backwards"; or feeling as if nobody could ever love him, or believe him, or listen to him, or get any good of him ever any more. And while we are touched by this melancholy—ever inseparable from the highest art—we are also conscious of the delicately fragile fun and feeling of his letters, and his love for "sibyls, and children, and vestals, and so on"; even though with these tender notes may be mingled the stern tones of the prophet's message: "the truth I have been trying to teach these ten years, that neither the Holy Ghost —nor the Justice of God—nor the life of man—may be sold."

In *Fors*—that work of impassioned intellect—is to be found a most mournful fragment of biography: "My father and mother and nurse are dead, and the woman I hoped would have been

my wife is dying." This lady, the "Rose" of *Præterita*, had been Ruskin's pupil. A deep attachment had been formed between them; and, when she became a woman, it was generally understood that they were to be married. But they differed in religious matters. She was extremely Evangelical; and it seemed to her that in *Fors* he had made light of such faith. She turned from him, though it wrecked her happiness and life; and even three years afterwards (in 1875), when she was dying and he implored permission to see her once again, she denied the request because he could not yet say that he loved God better than he loved her. With what eagerness the broken-hearted man watched, after her death, for evidence of another life, who can fully tell? At last, at the close of 1876, after a season of bitter despair, the assurance he desired seemed to be granted him, and largely through the influence of his dead, but living, Rose, he who had passed through wildernesses of doubt, returned "not to the fold of the Church, but to the footstool of the Father." The great tragedy of his life is brought before us in the poignant pathos of these words, written to M. G. in February, 1879:

It's very pretty of you to give me those lovely lines (on Aprile from *Paracelsus*, previously mentioned): I like them because that child I told you of, who died, who wasn't usually by way of paying me compliments, *did* once say, "Those eyes," after looking into them awhile. If they could but see ever so little a way towards her now! Tomorrow, Lady-day, it will be thirteen years since she bade me "wait" three, and I'm tired of waiting.

But his assurance of another life finds noble expression in these words of faith (February, 1881), also written to M. G.

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to

me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for having not enough

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loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this and all other moments.

R. Wilkins Rees.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS.

I have been asked to reproduce in a form convenient for the readers of this Review the substance of the arguments and comments on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals which I lately addressed to the House of Lords. I have complied with this request in the following pages, but I had not sufficient leisure before going to press to recast the whole speech in a more adequate literary form.

It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat the expression of my conviction as to the impulses under which Mr. Chamberlain brought forward his great plan. No one can doubt the intensity of his belief in the cause on which he has embarked; and it was natural that, fresh from his Imperial mission, with the incalculable advantages of close union between the Mother Country and the Colonies borne in upon him in the most striking and unmistakable manner, and full of the projects by which he thought the existing ties could be so tightened that they might last for ever, he should have wished to lose no time in placing the great issues which inspired him before the country. With his object all will sympathize; but the changes suggested are so vast and affect so deeply the whole fiscal policy of the country, that it is absolutely necessary to submit them to the most searching analysis, and, above all, to test their practicability in every direction.

In this discussion it is most impor-

tant to recognize from the outset that the question of loyalty or disloyalty to the Government cannot arise. The champions or the critics of Mr. Chamberlain's plans must be equally free to press their respective arguments upon the country. Personally, I believe the most effective method of bringing home to the general public the difficulties which beset the execution of any project involving preferential tariffs, is to argue the subject less by reference to what are called the formulas of Free Trade as by a common-sense examination of the bearing of the new scheme on the facts of to-day. There are a large number of men who wish to be enlightened, but to whom citations from the authorities of the past do not appeal. A new generation has sprung up since the days of Cobden and Bright, many of whom are not acquainted with the old Corn Law controversy, and who may be called agnostics in economics. To affect the minds of this class the existing state of things must be closely and exhaustively analyzed. I wish myself, though a Free Trader, to present the subject from the point of view in which it is regarded by those on whom a mere reference to past creeds would make no impression. But if the formulas of the past are not to be pressed into the service against the champions of the proposed changes or the agnostics, there should be reciprocity; and if the Free Traders who are opposed to the plan which has

been launched do not appeal to the old doctrines or to their authorities—their infallible popes—there must be on the other side no claim to infallibility for the modern view. If the steady light of the well-known beacons by which we have steered, and steered successfully so long, is to be veiled—at all events let us not be blinded by the dazzling brilliancy of the comet which has flashed across the fiscal sky.

The immediate cause which appears to have determined the moment for launching the new plan appears to have been the mysterious repeal of the corn duty. That was the prologue to the drama which is now developing before the country. I advocated the repeal of that tax. I held, and I hold now, that it would make but an infinitesimal difference, if any, in the price of the food of the people. It was a substantial item in the revenue of the country; it had in undisturbed obscurity under Conservative and Liberal statesmen alike, yielded many millions, and Mr. Gladstone himself raked in the millions from the tax in happy unconsciousness of financial sin. For these reasons the repeal of the tax seemed regrettable, but weighty reasons have been put forward on behalf of the plea that such a repeal was wise. The tax, while it remained, offered constant temptation to the introduction of a preferential tariff, and it may be presumed that the temptation was considered so strong that it was best to remove it. It appeared in the light of a stepping-stone to preferential tariffs, and a persual of the proceedings at the Conference of the Prime Ministers of our Colonies last year conveys the impression that it was not unlikely that the stepping-stone might be used. Whatever we may think of the new scheme, at all events it seems wise that there should be a clear field, and that the great change in our financial policy

should not be introduced simply as a clause in a Budget Bill imposing a shilling duty, but that it should be brought forward in such a distinct manner that the nation may be called upon to pronounce whether or not it is prepared to enter upon the fiscal revolution proposed in the plan now before the country.

For clearly there is a plan; a plan drawn in sharp outline and of colossal proportions, though no details are worked out; and it is essential as a first step to realize distinctly the several policies included in the plan. In part they are inter-dependent, in part they can be separated. The following proposals are included:—A preferential tariff for British imports to be granted by the Colonies simultaneously with the imposition by us of a tax on food-supplies imported by us from countries other than the Colonies, the object of this mutual arrangement being to advance the prosperity of the Colonies by bringing new corn-growing districts in them into cultivation, and at the same time making them better customers for our manufactures, and further promoting our trade by tariff concessions—a general result which, it is contended, would make for the consolidation of the Empire.

Such is the great and attractive dream, such are the principal objects aimed at. In the next place the establishment of a system of Old Age Pensions is to be rendered possible by the revenue derived from the taxation of foreign importations of food. So far all is inter-dependent. The third division of the plan is to secure the power of retaliation when onslaughts are made on British industry by foreign devices of bounties, or by the great Trusts which have sprung into being, and which by various means may exercise a crushing influence on some of our industries,

or by penalizing tariffs on all our Colonies in the shape of reprisals.

These are the avowed objects of the plan; but associating themselves with the champions of these objects, there are two other bodies to whom the dazzling scheme appeals. One is the agricultural interest which hopes that a corn duty may give an impetus to that distressed industry, another consists of men anxious about the physique of the people, who believe that by the taxation of corn agriculture may so revive that laborers will be lured back to the land, giving us an addition to the strongest and most physically fit portion of our population.

It will be observed that with the exception of the power to retaliate on foreign countries by changes in our own tariffs, the whole of the boons enumerated rests upon the taxation of food. What has got to be determined in the first instance is, how this taxation will affect our population at large, and whether its effects may not be too high a price to pay even for the great benefits offered to us. Nor is it only a question of the taxation of corn for the food of man, or of the grain consumed in the fattening of cattle, a very important industry. The taxation of meat, of mutton, beef and bacon will also be found essential to the working of the plan.

As to a corn tax, how high is it likely to be fixed? Is it to be a shilling or two shillings? Duties on such a scale would not offer the slightest chance of proving sufficient. They could not realize the prospects held out; they could not protect agriculture; they could not bring back the laborers to the land, and it is difficult to imagine that without a more distinct preference, the hope of largely expanding the wheat-growing area of Canada could be attained.

As to the improvement of the physique of the people, it seems anomalous to begin the process by making food dearer all round. The only hope of increasing the agricultural population would be the bold imposition of a duty of not less than 5s. This, I believe, is what the various agricultural interests desire, though it would be imprudent on their part to express such hopes at present. Nothing is more essential, if a judgment is to be passed on the new proposals, than to know, as soon as may be, what food duties would be necessary for their execution. Uncertainty on this head may prove a very dangerous snare.

But before further discussing the case as regards the taxation of food, it will be well to examine what the Colonies are prepared to grant us, and generally how a preferential tariff on both sides is likely to affect our relations with them. That those relations may be as close as possible has been a warm wish on my part ever since I entered political life. In this respect I have no bad record. Long before the present phase of enthusiasm for union with the Colonies in which I heartily rejoice, I have been one of that section of the Liberal Party in the old days, which clung to the possession of the Colonies. I was never tainted with the idea that the Mother Country might be better off without the burden of her Colonial Empire, and nothing must be read into my criticisms on the present scheme which would suggest that I renounced in any degree my hope and desire for more consolidation.

What the Colonies propose is such a regulation of their tariffs as will give a preference to British goods, while we, on the other hand, are to favor their exports in a similar manner, thus establishing a mutual advantage. On this it is to be observed in the first instance that the Colonies must surely see that what they ask

of us is infinitely more than they are prepared to grant to us. The concessions they make will affect certain trades, certain special trades, where the British manufacturer competes with the colonial manufacturer. But what they ask of us touches the whole of the population; surely a very great difference. It is sometimes asked, What do we do for the Colonies? We admit everything that they produce free of duty, while they maintain a high tariff barrier against us, and we undertake their defence against all comers at an enormous expenditure, while we are content to receive but a very small pecuniary contribution from them. At present at all events if there is to be a calculation of benefits, it is not proved that the Mother Country is on the wrong side. But to consider the present colonial offers. We have no full knowledge of them, nor have the Australian Colonies formulated the concessions they propose. But it would appear from the perusal of the proceedings at the Conference last year, and from more recent indications, that it is questionable whether the existing tariffs will be everywhere actually lowered in our favor. It is suggested that our interests may possibly be sufficiently served by increasing the tariff against the foreigner, leaving the duties imposed upon us at their present rate. This would, indeed, be a very poor boon to give the United Kingdom in exchange for the demand for a corn and a meat tax to be imposed on our importations from those foreign countries from which at present we derive our chief supplies.

In such circumstances impatience would not be reasonable. Mr. Seddon has been rather too impetuous; his language to the effect that, if we do not grant what is now asked, his colony would have to consider whether it might not be necessary to make ar-

rangements with foreign countries, is not the best way to influence public opinion in this country. From Canada, too, we are informed that Ministers are beginning to consider whether, if we do not meet them, they would have to go back upon what they have given us. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Colonies will not be impatient. For the maintenance of good feeling it is essential they should grasp that what they are asking is a very large thing, not merely a question of rebates of duty, but a policy which has always been held to threaten the most vital interests of the country.

But let us assume that on both sides an arrangement has been found practicable and has been carried out. It is clear that much of the liberty of action both of the Colonial and the British Treasuries would be impaired. It may be said that there is no more objection to commercial treaties between the Mother Country and her daughters than with foreign countries; but there is this particular risk about the bargain which is suggested, that it imposes a tax on food imported into the United Kingdom. Suppose that after the arrangements were concluded, the price of bread in the United Kingdom should materially rise, not only on account of this new corn duty, but owing to other causes, such as short crops, or other circumstances affecting the market for grain, might not a considerable popular feeling calling for repeal of the tax arise in an acute form? But however much that repeal might be asked for, however great the pressure put upon the Government, the agreement with the Colonies would tie us hand and foot. We should have to approach the Colonies and ask them, perhaps after vested interests had grown up within them in consequence of the privilege we had granted, to tear up our mutual arrangements in order that we might

give free admission to all the imports of grain and food into the United Kingdom for which the country was so clamorously calling. This is a very possible contingency indicating the risk of taxing food.

Another consideration cannot, of course, be left out of sight. It is by no means clear that the course of the changes proposed will run smoothly in the Colonies; but even in the case of their cordially and effectually furthering the plan, the uncertainty as to possible action by foreign countries very detrimental to the interests both of the Colonies and the United Kingdom, must not be ignored. The possibility of reprisals must be fairly faced. What steps, for instance, could the United States take as regards Canada if counter-action to our policy should be decided on by that country? The action of Germany as regards Canada, to which further allusion will presently be made, has shown that rival countries are not likely to be unconcerned spectators of our fiscal changes. This danger is very apparent; it is recognized in Mr. Chamberlain's plan, and measures intended to meet it by further changes in our fiscal policy, are included in the new scheme.

To return to the vital point in this controversy—the taxation of food—a startling new departure. What will be its effect on the population at large?

It is admitted by the authors of the plan that the effects of such taxation must mean an increase in the cost of food, though there may be differences of opinion as to degree; but it is said that this increased price will be balanced by an increase in wages. To prove or disprove this proposition is one of the cardinal points in the whole controversy; it is the first question to which those who are engaged in it ought to turn their attention. Will dearer food really mean higher wages,

and, if so, a general rise in wages? The answer must be given, not by reference to text-books, but by an examination of facts. We should know by what distinct processes an increase of wages is to follow an increase in the price of food. The references to Germany and the United States are quite insufficient to prove the case. The circumstances are entirely different, and the facts are not adequately known. We ought to work the problem out ourselves by an examination of the processes of trade and commerce, and by an analysis of the various classes engaged in various forms of work. In this connection one of the first questions to ask is, whose wages are to be raised? Is it held that all wages in the country will be raised? Is it a general wave of prosperity to flow from *Protection*? But it is alleged that Protection is not asked for, but only the power to retaliate in certain cases. If so, if the powers entrusted to the Government to establish belligerent duties is only to be employed in emergencies, how are wages to be raised thereby? Or, if it is said that this result will flow from increased colonial trade, is it seriously held that such an increase, limited, as it must be, to certain trades, will have the general effect of raising wages throughout the country?

Again, assuming, though it is far from certain, that through a certain limited amount of Protection the wages in the manufacturing districts in protected trades would be raised, what certainty or likelihood is there that the rise would extend far beyond that area? And at what distance, at what interval of years, would such an effect be felt? For illustrations it is well to look at the case of different classes; consider, for instance, the case of the vast body of men who are employed by the Government, by municipalities, by railways, by public bodies

of all kinds. Take the Post Office. Are the wages of the scores of thousands of Post Office employés to be raised? Are the wages of the Dock-yard men to be raised? Parenthetically it may be observed that the cost of the increase of wages of the servants of the State, if it should take place as alleged, would make a considerable inroad on the additional revenue derived from the taxation of food imports.

The effect, however, on the Treasury is a minor point. I should have no objection to some financial sacrifice for the sake of an Imperial aim. But nothing can equal in importance the other question—what would be the general effect on unprotected labor, on unprotected home industries, of the new plan? To hold out a distinct hope, a hope so distinct that it is to affect the action at the poll of the classes affected, that a general rise of wages will follow, is a responsibility so great that few men would care to incur it. If the hope should not be realized, food would cost more to these classes, whom no Protection would reach, without any of those compensating advantages which possibly—but only possibly—the protected industries might gain.

There is one class which inspires special sympathy—the lower middle-class—the clerks, men and women who are as poor or poorer than many artisans, and whose wages are kept down by the terrible competition in their ranks. Is it seriously contended that their wages would rise in consequence of a protective tariff being applied to certain industries? The hope of a free breakfast table has, of course, vanished under increased fiscal necessities, but under the new scheme, it appears, the food at every meal would be taxed. Then there is the submerged class who are hovering on the brink of starvation, the class to whom

a few shillings make a considerable difference in their annual expenditure. If a wave of prosperity is to come at all, when would it compensate for their loss on the purchase of food? It should not be ignored that if increased prosperity is to follow on the restoration of a certain amount of Protection, a prospect which Free-traders emphatically deny, it would, in any case, be a process which it would take years to complete, while the difference in the price of food would be immediate. All this is so uncertain, so speculative, that it becomes a gamble, a gamble with the food of the people.

But the working classes are offered another boon besides increased wages—the proceeds of duties on food are to be applied to Old Age Pensions. To this proposal it must obviously be objected, that if the hopes of the authors of the plan are fulfilled, and the colonial wheat-growing area is vastly increased, the revenue from the new imposts will decline every year, so that the amount to be set aside for Old Age Pensions will be a diminishing quantity. On the other hand, the liability once undertaken for Old Age Pensions can never be got rid of, and thus the country will be saddled with liability when taxes on food will no longer suffice to meet it. The cost would have to be defrayed out of the general revenue, a situation which Mr. Chamberlain himself does not consider admissible. Besides, you cannot make a two-sided contract with any class of the population. The State could never escape its liability for pensions, or retreat from its policy. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that the working classes might, under the stress of circumstances, compel a Government to repeal the duties on food. It would be impossible by any legislation to tack the corn duties on to the Old Age Pension scheme in a permanent form.

The third departure in this great controversy is the introduction of measures of a Protective nature. The champions of the scheme repudiate the desire to bring about Protection. "Retaliatory duties" are what is demanded, a demand founded partly on the wish to be able to defend the Colonies who give us preferential duties against foreigners who threaten to penalize them in consequence, but also as a policy to meet other onslaughts on our trade, under the conviction that in this respect the country is in a critical condition. While Mr. Chamberlain's chief aim appears to be the consolidation of the Empire, Mr. Balfour's chief anxiety appears to be concerned with an alleged weakness in our export trade, and with the difficulty of meeting the action of great Trusts and other measures taken by foreign countries striking at our trade. His main object in having an inquiry is to discover what steps could be taken to meet the dangers which he foresees.

Much is said as to signs of incipient decay in our commerce and in many industries. It is true that our export trade is now showing little buoyancy, but, on the other hand, there are many symptoms which are generally held to indicate a state of some prosperity. Lord Rosebery pointed out the increased returns of the Income Tax, every penny of which produces ten per cent. more now than it did ten years ago. This is all the more satisfactory as the tax is to-day levied on a narrower area, owing to the larger number of exemptions, and large rebates have been allowed under Schedule A. But if it be said that the Income Tax returns are not a real

criterion as they only represent the income of the more prosperous classes, let the story told by the deposits in the Savings' Banks be carefully read. Statistics show that in the last fifteen years the deposits in the Post Office Savings' and the Trustees' Savings' Banks together have risen from 101,000 in 1887 to 187,000 in 1901. These savings come from the pockets of the lower middle and the poorer classes. They represent in no way the savings of the rich. Again, the number of *able-bodied* paupers in England and Wales has fallen from 110,000 in 1887 to 101,000 in 1902, a diminution of 9 per cent., while the population is estimated to have increased 18 per cent.¹ These figures should be distinctly considered when the statement is put forward that there is incipient decay.

The uneasy feeling as to the position of our trade is due, in the main, to a slackening in the increase of our exports. It should be observed, in passing, that expression was given to similar apprehensions twenty-two years ago, in 1881. At that time the Fair Traders and Retaliators—the various sections of the Protectionist party—were no less loud in predicting the ruin of the country, based on the relation between exports and imports during the ten preceding years, than the Fair Traders now. Thus we have allegations that the country has been going from bad to worse for more than thirty years! If so it is strange that the effects cannot be traced in the national income, in the wages of the people, or in the well-being of the population. The want of expansion in our exports corresponding to the expansion of some other countries is the one unsatisfactory feature.²

¹ The total pauperism in England and Wales in the same period fell from 817,000 to 811,000.

² Some statisticians and economists deduct the whole of our coal exports from our total exports as being simply an inroad on our capital,

but this is not correct. The whole value should not be deducted, but only so much as represents the coal itself. Foreign countries in paying us for our coal pay also for the wages of the men, just as when we import corn we pay for the labor which produces it abroad.

But how far is this due to the hostile barriers which are in many quarters raised against us? To answer this question it is of the highest moment to examine whether our exports show want of buoyancy chiefly when sent to such countries as Germany, France and the United States, which raise high tariffs for the protection of their own industries, or whether these countries are beating us even in those neutral markets where there is a fair field for all of us, such for instance as China and Japan, and, I may add, our own Indian Empire where we compete on equal terms with all other nations. If it could be proved that the greater part of the slackening of our export trade was due simply to our dealings with those countries which have raised high tariffs against us to protect themselves, some step in the proof which the Fair Traders desire to offer would have been taken; but if we find the same unsatisfactory feature in those countries where we compete on equal terms with Germany and the United States, then we must look for other causes than Protection for the rapid advance which other countries are making as compared with ourselves. In this connection it should be recollect that it was only about a year ago that the great question of the necessity for more technical education loomed large in the public mind; and assertions were accepted almost as proved, to the effect that we were suffering in the markets of the world through our less developed knowledge in many branches of manufactures, art and science. It would be a great misfortune if now through any hasty judgment the country were to attribute to Protective tariffs phenomena which might be due to want of energy, or of technical education, or to other causes apart from Free Trade. This is really of the essence of the question. It must not be overlooked that

the Germans have several advantages over us which cannot be reduced to paper. They are more economical in their methods, their expenditure on their staff is less, they are content with smaller profits—all qualities which make them formidable opponents.

But admitting some slackening in our export trade due to high tariffs against us, what is the true relation of the proposed fiscal policy to such a condition? Mr. Balfour has apparently had in his mind retaliation on special occasions, but symptoms are not wanting that more retaliation, in fact retaliation merging in Protection, is contemplated. The scheme which is before the country is, rightly or wrongly, attracting those who believe it to mean a beginning of the protection of many interests. It is reported that in Glasgow the workmen hail the new departure as promising protection for the industries of their city. The curious correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Vince, lately published, significantly indicates the inevitable tendency of retaliation to develop into Protection. Mr. Chamberlain had caused his Secretary to write to a Mr. Vince, in reply to some questions "that he would not propose to put any tax on German machinery merely because it was cheaper than English, but if he found that German machinery was receiving bounties either direct or indirect he would be perfectly ready to put on a corresponding duty. . . . If Mr. Chamberlain found that the Germans earned their success legitimately, he would leave the home manufacturers to find out how they did it, and so beat the Germans with their own weapons." On this his interrogator asked whether the word *legitimately* was to be interpreted so as to exclude as *illegitimate* the advantage, if any, that the German manufacturer might have in the absence of such restrictions as are im-

posed on English manufacturers by Factory Acts and the approved rules of Trades Unions. "Is sweating a form of unfair competition which may be counteracted by an import duty?" To this question Mr. Chamberlain is reported to have answered "Yes." If so, we have not the germ, but the plant, of Protection promising a remarkable growth. If the conditions under which production takes place abroad are to determine whether we are to put on or take off taxes on certain manufactured goods, we are indeed approaching very near to Protection, and those who go into this business only as Retaliators or Fair-traders will find they will be landed in Protection with all its difficulties, all its dangers, with all the competition and clamor of interests against interests, classes against classes, with all that lobbying and log-rolling mischief which we know exists in colonial legislatures.

The original plan did not seem to contemplate so great an advance towards protective tariffs. Retaliation to meet certain special emergencies was what was asked for; for instance, to meet the case of some gigantic Trust threatening to crush some industry in this country. No doubt this is a very serious matter; but I believe if some such extreme case were to occur for which an absolutely heroic remedy were required, the Government of the day would take such measures as seemed indispensable to meet the emergency. But is it wise with a view to such an emergency to recast our whole fiscal system, and to inaugurate new machinery for a case that may seldom and perhaps never occur? The question is a very difficult one, and it is natural that the Prime Minister should be anxious to inquire how these complicated problems could possibly be solved.

The relations between Canada and

Germany have started another side of the question, viz., how to deal with such reprisals as the German Government has made in consequence of the preferential tariff accorded us by Canada. It is right that the earliest steps should be taken to put the country into possession of all the facts of this case, and generally to diffuse full information as to how we stand with reference to our commercial treaties. The idea of retaliation as within the sphere of practical politics is so new that as many *data* as can be collected with regard to its history amongst different nations where it has been used and as to the consequences of tariff wars, should be collected and made available for the instruction of the country. Tariff wars raged furiously before England adopted Free Trade, and convinced Sir Robert Peel of the futility of retaliation.

Further, it is important that information should be elicited as to the methods on which retaliation is considered possible. The sooner the controversy can be brought from generalities to particulars the better. Where retaliation is claimed in consequence of the menaces to any particular industry, is it contemplated to protect it by retaliating on the same industry abroad? This will frequently be impossible, and accordingly some other foreign industry must be selected for vicarious punishment. The records of tariff wars will show that there will be endless general competition and clamor between various interests to secure a share in the protective results from reprisals, and that it can never be foretold to what extremities such a system may lead.

High duties imposed on imports by way of retaliation naturally increase the cost of the article in question. That article may be used in the manufacture of another article; the producer of the latter then naturally calls for

protection for himself, or for the repeal of the Act which inflicts injury on his trade. It would certainly be found that you cannot protect one industry without extending protection to a number of others; and frequently when you protect one trade, you will positively injure another.

As for the interests of the consumers, the suggested situation puts them altogether on one side. Trade must be protected even at the risk of dearer prices.

Abstract argument will not influence the minds of those who see in powers of retaliation the saving of our foreign trade. Accordingly in this field an inquiry into the concrete facts of the present situation and into such experience as can be made available may be useful to all concerned. It should, of course, be conducted with the utmost impartiality, without any bias in one direction or another. The great public, deeply interested as it is, that the truth should prevail, would be badly off if instructions were conveyed to them mainly by electoral leaflets circulated by party agencies. Allusion has been made to tables which might be prepared on hypothetical calculations to show to the working man how much more he would have to pay for food on the one hand with the advantages expected to be derived from higher wages on the other. Hypothetical calculations are very dangerous when pledges are to be given to the masses of the country as to any particular policy on which a mandate is to be asked.

As to the time when this mandate should be asked, it has been indicated by the Prime Minister that, in his view, two or three years would probably elapse before the people would be asked to pronounce on this new great issue. Time is required not only to convince the public—the Government as a whole is still unconvinced.

Under these circumstances it is clear that if some catastrophe should precipitate a dissolution before the inquiry which the Government desire has elicited all the necessary facts, any mandate asking to revolutionize our fiscal system should be refused.

On the other hand, if, as Mr. Balfour contemplates, the controversy is prolonged, it is to be hoped that it will be so conducted on both sides as to leave no rankling memories behind either in the Colonies or at home. Neither for nor against the proposals is the case, where the issues are so extremely serious, likely to be pleaded without warmth, and signs of impatience are already visible in some Colonies. But this impatience should not develop into irritation. Time is necessary for the old country to pass judgment on the greatest issue which has been before it for generations.

Let us hope, if we do not see eye to eye, and if the Colonies realize that they cannot press us in this matter because it involves the taxation of food, that no ill-feeling will be left behind, and that we can go forward on the road towards consolidating our Empire with the same confidence as in the past. Mr. Chamberlain used some strong words pointing to lost opportunities—and opportunities have been lost—and pointing on the other hand to the glory of a consolidated Empire. He said that unless the question of trade and commerce were settled satisfactorily he for one did not believe in the continuance of the union of the Empire. He continued in words of terrible eloquence: "We have our chance, and it depends on what we do now whether this great idea of consolidation is to find fruition, or whether we will for ever and ever dismiss this consideration and accept our fate as one of the dying Empires of the world." We are to accept our fate as one of the dying Empires of

the world if we refuse to tax the food of the people! Is the doom of the Empire to be pronounced on every platform if the people refuse to see their food taxed? Is it fair to put the mandate before the people "No preference, no Empire"? I think it is unjust to the people of this country; I think it is unjust to the people of the Colonies; I think it is unjust to the Colonial Secretary himself, who has done so much and made such steady, and I hope permanent, progress in knitting the Empire together. Surely all is not to depend on commercial bargains with the Colonies. Without commercial bargains the Colonies have lavished their blood in South Africa. Without commercial bargains we have lavished our millions in the protection of the Empire, which includes the Colonies, asking but little

in return; and under these circumstances are we to be told that if we cannot accept this plan we are to accept the fate of a dying Empire? The resources of statesmanship are surely not exhausted. Before this idea was mooted many and many were the plans by which it was hoped the Colonies might draw closer to us, and we retain our hold over the Colonies. On that road the statesmen of both hemispheres must continue to work, undiscouraged if the result should be against the present plan, undiscouraged by failure. Forward this Empire must go, not as a dying Empire, but as a living Empire in the world, and our statesmen must endeavor to realize the fair dream of a cemented Empire without the nightmare of tampering with the people's food.

Goschen.

The Monthly Review.

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER I.

The Earl of Cumberwell, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was in a most enviable condition of mind. Even the most prudent of men may sometimes feel it safe to laugh at Fortune, and such a moment had come for him. He toyed with the slip of paper which he had been reading, and smiled benignly through the window of his cab.

"Now," he thought, "everything is within my grasp. Nothing can possibly happen to mar my plans—nothing!"

He had every reason for his confidence. Our relations with two of the Powers had lately reached an extremely critical point, and he was now on his way to the third meeting of the Cabinet which had been summoned in

the course of a week; but on this occasion he felt that he could meet his colleagues with a light heart, for he had just made himself master of the whole position. He had nothing but favorable intelligence to offer, and knew that the brilliant plan he intended to submit would be received with approbation. Then in the course of three days the country would ring with the story of his official success and the national triumph.

Always inclined to be sanguine and self-confident, the Minister felt now that he might safely disregard even the possibilities of circumstance. "And nothing," he repeated confidently, "can happen to spoil my plans. I can laugh at Fortune!"

The cab rolled into Downing Street, and he caught a glimpse of the crowd

of idlers which usually collects on such an occasion. He picked up his handkerchief, which lay upon the seat of the cab, and hurriedly restored it to its place. A moment later he alighted, his despatch-box in his hand.

Several persons saluted him as he crossed the pavement, and he responded courteously. In his present mood he was inclined to value those signs of popularity as good omens, and even as compliments fully deserved. In a few days the nation would declare him worthy of much more.

When he entered the room where the meetings were usually held, he found himself engaged for a few moments in greeting those members who had arrived before him. The entrance of another Minister presently enabled him to turn aside, and he laid his despatch-box down upon the table. When he had done this he drew a small bundle of papers from his breast-pocket.

With quick fingers he turned them over, once and again. Evidently none of them was what he required, for he made another search in his pocket. Finding it empty, he examined several other pockets without result, and even lifted his despatch-box to look beneath it. Then he paused to consider, and a sudden look of uneasiness appeared upon his face.

A moment later he was speaking to the attendant in the hall. "My cab," he said hurriedly; "is my cab gone?"

The man stepped to the door. One glance was enough.

"It is gone, my Lord."

Lord Cumberwell advanced to the door himself, and glanced up and down the street. He seemed quite unconscious now of the gaze of those upon the pavement.

"You did not observe which way it went?"

"No, my lord. But perhaps some of those people noticed. Shall I inquire?"

The Minister gazed at the group of

spectators. "No," he said; "it does not matter. Did you see the number of the cab or the name of the owner?"

"No, my lord. I am very sorry; but I did not notice."

"It does not matter," repeated Lord Cumberwell; and he returned at once to the room in which his colleagues were waiting.

The business of the meeting commenced soon afterwards, and everything went as he had anticipated. The value of his information was fully acknowledged, and the plans which he had mapped out to meet the crisis were received with cordial approval and admiration. Not a word was said, not a suggestion was made, that tended to hamper his intentions or to cast a doubt upon his triumph, and the general attitude was one of confidence and congratulation. Yet no one could help observing that even in the moment of his success Lord Cumberwell seemed strangely anxious and uneasy.

This was due to a circumstance of which his companions were totally ignorant. Just before leaving his house that afternoon he had written out, upon the back of a letter addressed to himself, an outline of the plan he intended to lay before the Ministers. He had done this in a careless way, proposing to keep the slip for reference at the meeting. During his journey he had taken it out to look it over, and had probably laid it down upon the seat beside him. In the hurry of alighting he had forgotten to pick it up.

The consequent position was intensely disquieting. That slip of paper had contained information of the utmost importance with regard to the intentions of the Government towards Austria and Spain. If this information were made public too soon the situation would be complicated beyond hope, and every hard-won advantage

lost. A whisper in London would be flashed across the Channel, and the enemy would find himself in a position to deliver an effective counter-blow. The folded letter, travelling about the City on a seat of a public conveyance, might fall into the wrong hands at any moment. Perhaps it had fallen into them already!

It was not surprising, therefore, that the Foreign Minister was uneasy during the meeting. For a time, it is true, he was obliged to concentrate his attention upon the work in hand; but at every opportunity his thoughts persisted in returning to that most unfortunate accident. He saw the conclusion of the business with sincere relief.

He was not the man to take a hazard if he could possibly secure himself, and he set to work at once to retrieve the situation. Proceeding in haste to Scotland Yard, he soon found himself face to face with an attentive and capable official. To this person he made everything clear.

"I must say at once," he explained, "that I am not able to help you in the least. The cab was not called from a stand, but was hailed as it was passing my door. Further, I did not notice the number of the vehicle or the name of the owner."

"Perhaps your lordship observed the driver," suggested the official. "Even the slightest description may prove useful."

The Earl gave all the information he had, and the points were carefully noted. Then he described the lost document.

"It was a letter," he said; "a printed circular, I believe from the National Club, on small-sized notepaper. My remarks were written in ink upon the back of the fly-sheet. They were very brief; but of course their brevity would present no obstacle to an intelligent reader."

"And there are so many intelligent readers just now," said the official.

"Exactly: four men out of every five would grasp the situation at a glance. My own name upon the first page would make everything clear to them."

The official made further notes. "I think I must tell you what I fear," proceeded the Earl, anxious to leave nothing unsaid that might strengthen his efforts. "It is simply that the paper may fall into the hands of some one whose interest it would be to publish it. That would be fatal."

The official saw this clearly enough. Probably both he and the Minister had in mind at that moment the name of a daily newspaper to which such a discovery would be an absolute godsend—the *Hour*. At the same time he suggested that there was no reason to despair. It was quite possible that the person who found the slip would be some one quite unable to see its value, some one who would throw it away and think no more about it. There was also the chance that an ignorant cabman would cast it out with the dust, or that the paper itself might slip to the floor of the cab and so escape observation.

These suggestions were only slightly comforting. A cab passing through the Westminster district was less likely to be hailed by a so-called outsider than by some indolent but intelligent clubman, some hasty journalist, or some inquiring member of the Opposition. In either case the result would be much the same.

"Very well, my lord," said the official. "What you say is certainly true. I need not assure you, however, that we shall do our best. Any result shall be made known to you immediately."

"Thank you," said Lord Cumberwell, rising. "I shall be at the Foreign Office for the next two hours. After

that I shall be at my own house, 41 Baynton Square."

"Very good, my lord."

The interview over, the Earl drove to the Foreign Office, where he set in operation the plan which had been approved by his colleagues. He did this with the painful knowledge that before many hours had passed the whole design might be thrown into utter and shameful confusion. For the present, however, there was nothing to do but to go straight on and await events.

He then reached his house in time for dinner, a quiet and informal repast at which his private secretary was his only companion. Indeed, everything connected with the Baynton Square establishment might be described as quiet and informal, for the Earl had no family, and had chosen his residence and arranged his household with a simple regard for convenience, comfort, and proximity to the Government offices and the Houses of Parliament.

His home and his heart alike were in a northern county, and he only came to town when his presence was absolutely necessary. In every sense, therefore, his sojourn in the Square was purely a convenience, and there was no sign of state in connection with it.

He did not disclose his difficulty to his companion. He was naturally reserved, and the Honorable Philip Lombard was quite a new acquisition as a private secretary. Further, he felt painfully conscious that his action had been foolishly, criminally careless, so that it was no pleasant subject to discuss. For these reasons he kept silence, dreading the worst but hoping for the best.

After dinner an adjournment was made to the study. There a sheaf of correspondence was dealt with, and after a while the secretary retired with his papers. When he had gone, the

Earl turned to an uninterrupted survey of the position.

As was his custom when alone with his books, he had divested himself of his somewhat imposing evening attire, and had slipped on an old and comfortable garment which his valet was accustomed to describe contemptuously as his "study coat." He had been quite unable, however, to throw off the doubts and fears which had haunted him since that unfortunate incident occurred. Unable to sit still, he paced the room restlessly, working himself rapidly into a fever of apprehension and self-reproach.

Again and again he counted the probable cost: the public outcry, the Opposition laughter, the general excitement. He thought of the leader which would appear in the *Hour*—a leader which the editor, possibly, was at that moment engaged in writing, with that priceless slip on the desk before him. He found himself picturing the startling placard which would face the public in the morning, the sensational headlines on the fifth page. He tried to picture the faces of his colleagues when they should discover that the finest diplomatic triumph of the decade had been ruined by an inexcusable blunder. The thing was awful!

In his growing nervousness he strained his ears to catch sounds from without—the footsteps of Prettiman in the hall, the distant clang of the doorbell. He had given orders that only messengers from Scotland Yard or from the Foreign Office should be admitted; but now he almost regretted these instructions. On ordinary occasions they were necessary for his own protection; but to-night even the incursion of a troop of interviewers would be something of a relief.

At that point a brilliant idea flashed upon his mind, and brought him to a sudden pause in the middle of the room.

What if someone should bring back that paper? It might have been picked up by an altogether harmless person, one whose first idea would be to return it to its owner. As his name and address were both upon it, such a person would proceed at once to Baynton Square. And then?—and then the placid but inflexible Prettiman, acting on his instructions, would bar the way, and turn the welcome visitor from the door. Perhaps he had done so already!

He must be told at once. Lord Cumberwell stepped in the direction of the door; but at that moment he heard once more the clang of the bell. He paused and listened.

It was an unfortunate pause. He heard Prettiman cross the hall to the door, and then he heard a murmur of voices. It lasted some moments, for the visitor was evidently importunate; but Prettiman at last prevailed, and the door was closed.

Lord Cumberwell met the man as he came back. "What was it?" he asked hastily. "Who called?"

Prettiman was taken by surprise. "It
Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

W. E. Cule.

JOTTINGS ABOUT JERUSALEM.

The people who think that to go to Jerusalem is to go to the end of the world, fail to realize that it takes but one day longer than to go to Cairo. At Port Said you turn north instead of south; one day by boat brings you to Jaffa, and next afternoon, after seeing the house of Simon the Tanner, and the tomb of Dorcas, you take the train—there is only one—to Jerusalem.

In approaching Jerusalem one struggles between contending emotions of surprise and of familiarity. To take a ticket at the Jaffa station and see

one's luggage labelled for Jerusalem on the American check system—to have your belongings examined and your tickets clipped by a person in a pink petticoat with a brooch in the form of a railway-engine to designate his official position—to puff, however slowly, across the plain of Sharon—to look out of a carriage-window at the cave where Samson hid, and at the vineyard where he tied the foxes' tails together—to pass close by the house where Dorcas made clothes for the poor (which it is to be hoped in nowise

resembled the garments sent out from her followers in England, to unfortunate little "converts" here)—to pass the factory where the boxes are made for Jaffa oranges, such as in England we beg from the grocer for sitting-hens; to see the oranges themselves growing in gigantic clusters, deep ellipses of which the English representatives are a poor mockery both in color and in form—in all this, it is difficult from first to last to distinguish between familiarity and surprise.

This is such a poor little thing in railway trains, although its engine was made in Philadelphia, it hides itself in such deep valleys, and gets so discouraged at the hills and so terribly out of breath during the three hours and a half which it takes to travel under forty miles, that one soon learns to forgive its existence.

Up and up we go, slowly climbing for over 2000 feet—the land which should be flowing with milk and honey growing more bleak and desolate as we proceed. Here and there is a distant village, and the Arab children come racing down the precipitous hills on either side the line, to throw bunches of flowers in at the window, and soon come running after the train again to complain that the money we have given them is not of the right coinage. It was right enough twenty miles back in Jaffa, but coinage, beggars, and mosquitoes, are annoyances that are always with us.

The mountainous walls on either hand widen, and the landscape takes a more human aspect. There is a man ploughing with two yoke of oxen and a Highland *caschrom*; here a tower which someone has begun to build and is not able to finish; a sight which soon becomes familiar where the thrifless, shiftless children of the East seem seldom able to count beyond a few piastres, over which they will chat and haggle with indefatigable enter-

prise. Finally, to the north-east stands a city on a hill which cannot be hid, and we have reached Jerusalem.

We give in our checks, show receipts for excess luggage, firmly refuse to take a cab from the railway station to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which is our destination, are told in excellent English by the young dragoman who takes our affairs in hand, to "turn to the left and we cannot miss the Jaffa gate," and, still with the same sense of mingled astonishment and familiarity, we set out toward the most sacred spot on the face of the whole world.

We are to walk about a mile due north. It is Bethlehem which is behind, Jerusalem before us, and yet we are in the land of suburbs—a German suburb, a Jewish suburb! Away to our left against the sky-line are a minaret and two windmills; to our right the British Ophthalmic Hospital looks down into the Valley of Hinnom; here we pass the Upper Pool of Gihon, where the steep cliff of Sion frowns down upon the new pleasure gardens of the Pasha.

Life in Jerusalem is a life of anomalies and anachronisms. To the looker-on it can never assume the definite coloring of other places, it can never be even consistently religious, as Rome is religious. Every street Arab speaks three or four languages; apart from tourists you have representatives of half the nations of the world. You have a dozen Consulates, you have a score of Convents, you have Jews, Mohammedans and Christians; you learn to understand religious distinctions of which you never thought before; you find that the Greeks and Russians, as also the Anglican and the English Church Missionary worship apart, that even among the Roman Catholics there are half a dozen rites, that the country is administered by a government which does not speak its

language, and that the "native" is of an older race than that which immigrated here under Abraham four thousand years ago.

But Jerusalem is interesting, is lovable even, to those who ever so little "hear the East a-calling." One can have emotions here of which in the West we know nothing. We, who date events from the Norman Conquest, have a sense of luxury in hearing the archaeologist speak of some wayside tomb as "*merely Graeco-Roman*," in knowing that the ancestors of races whom the missionary proposes to elevate were probably Christians who conceivably dwelt in marble halls while his were running about in woad.

It is natural enough among evidences of time and place so diverse, that there should also be immense diversities in all questions of civilization and convenience. The streets of the city are unspeakably filthy; happily, except for worship (if he happens to be anything but an Anglican), the resident has little temptation to go within the walls. One does not go to market; your servant or dragoman can buy things at about half the price you would give, and will enjoy spending half an hour in smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee, and cheapening your dinner a franc or so, by a metallk (about a sou) at a time.

Even in what Americans call "dry-goods" you can buy nearly anything in Jerusalem, only you can seldom get quite enough of it; you are always a yard, or an ounce, or half-a-dozen, short for whatever you want to make. All products of the country, beautiful materials in cotton, linen and silk, are hand-woven and extraordinarily cheap and good, and in the convents one can get excellent needlework, French dressmaking up to the latest fashion-plates, good boot-making, lace-making, laundry-work, metal-work in gold and silver, and in combinations of silver

and mother o' pearl, and so on. One hardly expects to find a County Council, but one would wish that it were not the custom to put everything of every kind that is not wanted in the house just outside the front door; and that when they water the roads, which is every time that the Pasha's carriage is expected, they would use water which had been less often used before.

In a sense the Arab is clean. You cross a foul doorstep to enter a spotless house. The floors are all stone, and they are constantly damp, from perpetual swilling, so long as he has any water to swill with. Perhaps it is because water is at times an expensive luxury that he loves to waste it. The white sheet, which is the outdoor dress of the women, is generally spotless, but it might be as well not to inquire further. The kumboz, or long cotton frock of the men, generally shows traces of an unscientific wash-tub, but they all carry themselves so well, and are so lithe and well set up, so great a contrast to the slouching, heavy women, that one is not too critical of details. This applies only to the town, in the villages it is the women who are effectively dressed and graceful.

The native cooking is good and extremely elaborate. The Arab is never in a hurry, and some of the dishes take many hours to prepare, though they are probably cooked on a pinch of charcoal, in a thing like a tin pie-dish. I have seen a tailor fry his dinner upon the charcoal in his box-iron, and excellent coffee is prepared over a spark at which an English cook could not light a pipe.

In Jerusalem we do not talk *pluie et beau temps*, but cisterns and sirocco. At best the rainfall averages only thirty or forty inches, and the rainy days may be counted on one's fingers, so that we forget to make the customary proviso "if it is fine." Except on

a few odd days between November and February it is always fine, and our June anxieties are not as to damp schoolfeasts and flooded garden parties, but as to the amount of water in the cistern, and whether the garden may be permitted to exist at all; for without water even the hardy scarlet geranium and long-suffering marguerite lose heart after a time, and hang down withered heads, so quickly faded that the blossoms have not had time to fall, and there are no showers of scarlet petals or yellow pollen, such as proclaim their demise at home. At afternoon teas, or when neighbors meet after church (there is nowhere else to meet in particular), we compare notes as to the contents of cisterns, mainly, and to the distraction of the English new-comer, in *mètres*.

No one, who can afford to do better, thinks of drinking water from the cisterns, however well-cleaned and cared for; as science, represented by the doctors, has declared that cistern water, sirocco and mosquitoes, are responsible for most of the characteristic ailments of the European in Jerusalem; and the first of these evils is the only one we are in any practical degree able to control. There is quite a trade in drinking-water, which comes mainly from the Well of the Blessed Virgin, eight miles away, at the little village of Ain Karim, a well from which she must assuredly have drawn water, if, as appears almost certain, this little village of S. John in the mountains were really the home of Zacharias and Elizabeth, and the birthplace of S. John Baptist. But as health depends not only upon the water one drinks, but upon the amount available for other purposes, the capacity and contents of the cisterns or tanks for collecting water from the surface of roofs and elsewhere, is a prominent topic of interest.

Only the very shy venture upon the

banality of "Isn't it hot?" but when in doubt as to other subjects one may always risk a speculation as to sirocco.

As a matter of fact, this very unpleasant wind, which comes from the S.E., has all the characteristics of east wind elsewhere, plus the aggravation that as it has a touch of south, and comes to us across the arid deserts of Arabia, its vices are hot instead of cold, and the more infernal in consequence. It is, in short, fatal to vegetation, exhausting to the nerves, irritating to the temper, parching to the skin, ruinous to the hair and complexion, and destructive to domestic peace. The lower animals are restless, children cross, and adults behave like the influenza convalescent in *Punch*, the man on the Stock Exchange, or other haunt of the stalwart and unemotional, who says, "If you contradict me I shall cry."

This aspect of the Jerusalem temperament is probably merely an evil habit acquired in past Mays and Octobers, the months of sirocco; and if further excuse is needed, one may always plead, for a large proportion of the population, the absence, not only of occupation but of interest in a place where there is little occasion for "servant" talk, where there are no circulating libraries, no shop-windows, where everyone is intimate with everyone else's wardrobe and other possessions, where little worth mentioning is ever achieved, where croquet and bicycles have not yet arrived, and lawn-tennis, such as it is, is on the doubtful borderland of piety, abandoned mainly to the world, as represented by consuls, foreigners, and some half-dozen outsiders.

Moreover, if sirocco, and an ineffective existence, do not suffice to palliate certain peculiarities of the dwellers in Jerusalem, there is yet one more excuse, which for some among us may

fairly be taken to outweigh all other sources of provocation put together.

On Fridays and Sundays the Turkish Band performs, and on every day of the week it practises; all the instruments independently at the same moment. Music, in Turkey, would appear to imply mainly attention to rhythm, and the difference between playing and practising consists in the combined observance of time, which the conductor beats, not unsuccessfully, with his feet. They have two tunes, "The Turkish March," which one recognizes through the medium of one's recollections of "The Ruins of Athens" (oh, shades of Beethoven and Rubinstein!) and another, or others, which one never succeeds in recognizing at all. There is no light and shade, no expression, unless a general sense of distress visible on all surrounding European countenances, may be taken as evidence of some kind of suffering, imperfectly externalized.

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder

might well be the motto of the official music of this country—assuredly the cause of at least some of its many evils and misfortunes.

To return to sirocco. There is a superstition that it lasts always for three days, which are, however, occasionally prolonged for eight or ten; and it is worst—that is, least endurable—in the otherwise most healthy and bracing parts of Syria: Jerusalem, Nablous, and the mountains of Galilee. Happily it is less frequent than is the east wind in western Europe, but it makes up in intensity for its lack of duration. The wise shut doors and windows, and come face to face with the enemy as little as may be; and it is only fair to hasten to say that otherwise the climate of Jerusalem is as delightful as can well be imagined. The hot, close nights of the English sum-

mer are unknown, as witness the practical fact that even in July and August one never sleeps without a blanket. Between ten o'clock and three it is wise to remain indoors, as well as immediately after sunset. The houses are so well built, that only under very bad management need the thermometer ever rise above 75° or 80° indoors, even on days when to open the front door is like putting one's head into an oven.

After sunset, as a rule, the wind rises, and often after a hot day it amounts to a positive gale, so that when doors bang and windows rattle, in a fashion worthy of Scotland, it seems strange to preserve the calm certainty of cloudless skies and gentle breezes to-morrow morning. The dews are so heavy that one thinks of "the mist that went up from the ground and watered the whole face of the earth."

There is much vegetation; grapes, figs, and olives ripen; pomegranate and oleander-blossoms flame; and the blue eryngo waves its *pompons* long after the ground has become pale and hard, when rain has not been seen for three or four months, and there is still a certainty of at least another three months of cloudless sky, with not so much as a thunder-storm to cool the atmosphere—which, however, never strikes one as exhausted and "used up," as so often happens in a hot summer at home.

Of course, Jerusalem has its own special diseases; but these, even with common care (and not too much of it), the reasonable traveller may quite easily avoid. If one stays indoors during the proscribed hours, abstains from alcohol more heating than the refreshing light wine of the country, does not eat or drink too much, is careful as to salads, especially as to where they are grown and washed, wears woollen next the skin, avoids over fatigue, and, above all, seeks such

protection as may be from dust, mosquitoes, and sand-flies, one need not court headache under a pith helmet, eye-ache under blue glasses, or self-consciousness by perpetual libations of chlorodyne and quinine.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that mosquitoes and sand-flies are responsible for a very large proportion of the fever and malaria which visit the Holy Land; as good water is generally attainable, and the Syrian almost always boils his milk. The sand-fly is, on the whole, the worst offender. He is to the mosquito what the hyena is to the tiger, a low, prowling brute that knows nothing of fair play. If, by your own management, the mosquito does get inside your bed-curtains, he at least sounds his trumpet before him, and does his little best to play *fair*. You can approximately gauge his proportions and detect his whereabouts. But the sand-fly is alike inaudible and invisible. You may pin your curtains close, but he and his sail gaily through the finest mesh. Clothing is no protection, Keating is no discouragement. You smite him without injury; you triumphantly clap your palms together, certain of having enclosed him, and when you open your hands he flies happily away, only refreshed by the repast he has snatched upon your "Mount of Venus," or in the hollow of your "line of life."

The mosquito is always with us, but the summer invasion of the sand-fly is far more to be dreaded even than the prolonged residence of the nobler beast of prey, a phrase which, by the way, reminds one that they are never so offensive as in church. Indeed, for these and other reasons, great and small (especially small), the programme of worship should always include an immediate return home and entire change of toilet. Even boots are but inadequate protection from the denizens of Jerusalem dust; and in the

Holy Sepulchre, often crowded and always ill-ventilated, one becomes acquainted with things creeping innumerable. It is at certain seasons, harvest time especially, the refuge of the winged creation; from the common house-fly, fresh from unspeakable way-side horrors, to the wary mosquito, whom, even in death, one gazes on rather in horror than in triumph, and with the reflection, "Whose blood have I spilt?" From the fact that his bite is probably also an inoculation, one attributes to him so large a portion of responsibility in the dissemination of disease. Fortunately, malarial fever requires eight to ten days to develop, and one has plenty of time for self-defence in the shape of small doses of quinine—a useful prophylactic—after any specially severe assault from the enemy.

The "Syrian" fever, one learns from a valuable article by Dr. Masterman on "Residence and Travel in Palestine," is a generic term for various kinds of ague, but it is, he adds,

Practically certain that Malta fever occurs. . . . When malaria is once in the system, the most potent cause of its recurrence is chill. Chills are very much more liable to occur in this semi-tropical climate than at home, and both the resident and the traveller are only too apt to think too lightly of them.

The winter is, in its way, as pleasant as the summer. A fire is welcome in the evening, and it is desirable to carry a wrap when you go out in the afternoon, for towards sunset the air becomes chilly, and your dress is probably the ordinary woolen house-dress, without extra covering, of an English winter. This is, indeed, a land of perpetual sunshine; and whereas one hears of Arctic sufferings on the part of visitors to places of Mediterranean winter resort, except in hours (and one advisedly says *hours*) of actual rain, Je-

rusalem never fails to smile. The mean annual temperature is 63°. One breakfasts out of doors in January, and rejoices in the refreshing breezes of July. To the sympathetic friends who wonder how one endures the summer sunshine of Judea, one replies: "Don't you wish you could keep the temperature of your bedroom at 65°, and feel certain of immunity from the little summer shower?" Moreover, they forget that we are nearly 3000 feet above sea-level, that a morning's ride will bring us within sight of the Mediterranean, and a day's journey within reach of the cool breezes blowing off the snow-clad peaks of Mount Lebanon, 10,000 feet high.

Probably nowhere in the world can one find so many varieties of climate. Although Palestine lies within the sub-tropical zone of latitude 23½° to 34°, the levels of its surface are so varied that, out of the eight zones recognized in physiography, five are represented within this very limited area. From the Mount of Olives, 2723 feet above sea-level, one looks down into the valley of the Dead Sea, 1292 feet below it, so that in a morning's drive one may encounter an entire change of flora and fauna; one may look upon the juniper of Sweden and the palm-tree of the desert; one may hear the skylark of our own Highlands, and the long-drawn note of the grackle of the tropics. According to Humboldt, the botanical character of any scenery may be determined by references to some sixteen tribes of plants, and of these one-half are represented in Palestine; namely, palms, acacias, laurels, myrtles, pines, willows, mallows, and lilles. One finds among the joyous spring miracle of wild flowers, not only countless new varieties, of form and color undreamed of, but old friends wonderfully glorified; the mallow, and poppy, and honeysuckle, and mouse-ear, and mandrake, and star of Bethlehem; the

thistle, and clover, and linus, and flag-lily, of our fields and hedgerows, all wonderfully varied and dignified; as well as the arums and cyclamen, crocus and anemone, scillas, and a hundred other glories of our English garden, flaunting by the wayside in glorious array and new magnificence, the very apotheosis of the humbler types at home.

The Arab best loves flowers of strong scent, and it is perhaps mainly owing to this that the stock, carnation, and violet are cultivated wherever flowers are cultivated at all; and that other plants of familiar association, not alway inherently beautiful, have nevertheless a recognized place in most gardens—hedges of wormwood and fennel, or more fragrant rosemary, and rows of every variety of pot-herbs, including many new to the European visitor. As one walks along the ill-smelling streets, one constantly comes across groups of peasant-women, offering for sale great heaps of herbs deliciously perfumed and bought largely by the Russian pilgrims. There is a whole bazaar of drugs and scented herbs and seeds and woods, many probably of foreign origin; not only the aloes, balm of Gilead, calamus, cassia, cinnamon, frankincense, and myrrh all obtained from scented woods brought from still further east; but other scents belonging nearer home; the fruit-stalls are decorated with garlands of orange-blossom, jessamine, stephanotis, and tuberoses; and the carpenters' shops are fragrant with the delicious cypress-wood, of which the bridal chests are made, and which, especially when freshly sawn, is sweet as sandal-wood.

One cannot wonder—in contemplating either the good or bad smells of Jerusalem—that the Jews have special thanksgivings for pleasant odors: "Blessed art Thou our Lord, our God, King of the Universe—Creator of fragrant woods, Creator of fragrant plants

—Who dost bestow a goodly scent on fruits—Who createst all sorts of spices —Who created pleasantly scented oil," the addition being selected to suit the case in point.

It is only to the superficial observer that this is a barren country. It was our own first impression, upon arriving in December; not that one has any right to complain that a country does not look fertile in mid-winter, especially when the gray-green of the olive contrasts everywhere with the gray-brown of the bare hillsides. Even then, the children were offering bunches of cyclamen, primroses, anemones, at every station on the railway; maidenhair and lady-fern were waving in the recesses of every tomb. Within a very few weeks, a delicate green hue began to creep over the faded fields, and day after day, as one opened the eastern window to the warm glow of sunrise, one noted how the spring tints became deepened and diffused. The wondrous glories of the Syrian spring are beyond all description, and the wealth of golden harvest beginning in May lasted well into June; and now, in mid-August, when cisterns are emptying, and rain is un-hoped for, the hillsides are gloriously green with the vines, not stiffly trained as elsewhere, but lying on the warm bosom of mother earth, and clothing the rocks and bare stone walls with the fresh glistening beauty of foliage, green and fresh as April lime trees, or the horse chestnuts of Bushey Park before the first summer dust has flecked their radiant youth. Golden apricots gleam under dark green leaves, in trees which shelter the roadsides; the figs are ripening, and the olives are still in prospect, and so here, as elsewhere, every month brings her own crown of delight and beauty. The peasants are leaving their homes in the narrow streets of the neighboring villages, and betaking themselves to

the rough stone watchtowers which shelter them when the fruit harvest is about to be gathered in.

Often, in this country, one is reminded of the customs of the western Highlands, as doubtless are those from other lands of similar habits common to all elementary peoples; and the little groups of peasants carrying a few homely household utensils, the children and domestic animals snatching their own pleasures by the roadside, the little picnics under the wayside tree, recall to mind the sheepish migrations of Sutherlandshire or the Hebrides. One thinks too, in sight of the round towers made of unhewn stones roughly piled together perched in the corner of field or garden, of "the lodge in the garden of cucumbers," which in truth it often most literally is; but the cucumbers are far more dainty than ours, and ripen so much more quickly that they have a savor especially their own; be they the ordinary cucumber of the western market or any of the varieties of cucumbers, gourds, and melons, smaller and more delicate than any known to us, which are so familiar a feature in the Syrian dietary.

Jerusalem, for all its sacredness, is not without its humors. It is topsy-turvy land. The native entering a sacred place, takes off his shoes and keeps on his hat; you begin to read a book at the end; the landlord pays the taxes; your servant walks in front of you instead of behind; a man calls himself not Mac, but Abu, not "the son of," but "the father of;" the men wear petticoats and the women expose their legs while they cover their faces; the theory of "ladies first" is a novelty from Europe; you buy milk by weight; 'Arry and 'Arriet are unknown; the men dance together, and in public places men and women sit apart; giggling has not yet been introduced, nor public-houses; there is no smoking of

pipes, and no expectoration in the streets. Swearing there is, but of a different type from the universal English adjective. It takes longer, but it leaves some scope for originality; it is after the fashion of the 109th psalm, only "more so." It is indirect, whether from inherent politeness, or from deference to the law of libel. A man curses, not the priest but the bishop who ordained him, not you but any of your ancestors or relatives whom it occurs to him to mention. Courtesy requires the form of generosity rather than of gratitude—you must place all that you possess at the disposal of your friend, but Arabic contains no word for "Thank you."

Another of its humors is the coinage. It has practically given up, as inconveniently small, the para, which was the fortieth part of two pence; but it retains the kabak, of the size and weight of a crown piece and worth about a farthing, though marked at eight times that value, and formerly worth about two-pence halfpenny.

Everything is valued in piastres, but the coin exists apparently mainly to be alluded to. When you do come across it, it is worth a piastre and an eighth. There are, however, some two-piastre pieces worth two piastres and a fourth, and locally known as "fleas," though not nearly so numerous.

It is said that a Turkish pound was once worth only 100 piastres, now it is worth at the post office 124 piastres, and at the shops 136½, so that nothing is a measure of anything else. In despair you fly to francs, and find that when you pay in gold, your franc is worth nearly 5½ piastres, but in silver only 5¼ piastres. The commonest silver coin is a medjidi, which is worth 23 piastres in the shops, or 20 at the post or other Government offices, and is no proportional part of a pound. The beshlik, the commonest "metal" coin, for it is neither silver nor copper,

is so called from the Turkish words *besh* and *lik*—"a piece of five"—apparently because it has no particular relation to that of any other number, being worth 3 piastres in the shops, and 2½ at the post office. The remaining common coin is a metallik, a piece of tin rather smaller than a shilling and worth 12½ paras. Eight of them go to a beshlik, which is worth about 6d., but they do not divide evenly into anything else. The easiest common denominator is perhaps the humble para, of which five make a kabak, 12½ a metallik, 40 a piastre, 120 a beshlik, and 920 a medjidi. Only the Oriental could have invented a coinage so inconsequent as this. Moreover, when you have mastered the coinage and the weights and measures of Jerusalem, you have to begin all over again if you go anywhere else. Even in Bethlehem, eight miles away, you must acquire a new set of names if not values.

The Holy City is not an expensive place to live in, for although house rent sounds about as dear as in any ordinary English town, one has to remember that there are practically no rates and the landlord pays the taxes. A house of ten rooms with perhaps an acre of garden costs about £60 a year, and one of six or seven with half an acre, about half as much. Most houses have stabling, and the hall generally serves as dining or drawing-room, as the case may be. They are very well built, with the cupboards and recesses and deep window-sills of a bygone period.

Labor is cheap. A good cook can be had at from twenty-five to thirty francs a month, an indoor man-servant at from thirty to thirty-five, a house-maid for a napoleon, a boy for three or four medjidis, that is from twelve to sixteen francs.

In Jerusalem the price of food varies greatly according to season, and also

according to the purchaser. You have to pay for being a consul, or, if you are a woman, for wearing a hat. Missionaries are not expected to pay lavishly, and ladies living in pairs, as they always do, can keep a man and a maid and a couple of donkeys, and save at least half their professional income. It is fair to say, however, that they have house-rent, medical attendance and first class passage on board ship free, eight or ten weeks' holiday in the year, and six months every three years—but then everyone cannot aspire to be a missionary; and mere doctors, and consuls, and clergy, have to work for their living.

Meat is bought by the rottle, which is about six pounds, mutton sometimes rises as high as 17 piastres, though, says my informant, "in June it fell to 12 piastres, when the Greeks were fasting." A piastre being worth two pence at the shops, we may take it that mutton varies from fourpence to nearly fivepence halfpenny a pound. Lamb, early, costs as much as 18 piastres, or sixpence a pound; beef about fourpence, the fillet about sixpence. Partridges are dear at eighteenpence each, and they are vastly superior to their namesakes in England. A large turkey is worth perhaps five shillings. Chickens cost a shilling or one and twopence a pair, but it is best to buy them alive, and feed them for two or three weeks.

Fruit is of course exceedingly cheap, as are also vegetables, both being very varied and of excellent quality. Fish, heavily taxed when it is caught, is practically unattainable, and milk is very dear in the summer months, but by an arrangement with some of the convents one can get it at about the English price—fourpence a quart the year round. Butter and cheese are very good when in season, but are scarce during five or six months of the year. One can get excellent white

Bethlehem wine at half a franc a bottle, and a sweet wine which has the effect of new port for less than a shilling; wholesale, of course, it is much cheaper. Eggs in summer are about fourpence a dozen, though in the season they rise to three for twopence.

Bread is about the same price as in England. Of course no one eats cold meat, and all marketing is done daily in the early morning; ice, however, is attainable at very moderate price. Foreign groceries and drugs are a little dearer than in England. Leather and metal work is very good, and shoes, made to measure at ten francs a pair, are difficult to wear out, even on the Jerusalem roads, many of which look as if a wall had been casually split upon them. You can get a very good victoria and pair for about twenty francs a day, and for sixpence you can call, in style, upon anyone within a mile of Jerusalem. There are no omnibuses—happily—but if you like to risk your company, that is to risk other than human company, you can go in a carriage to Bethlehem (for example) eight miles, also for sixpence. A porter will carry anything anywhere for about five metaliks, or a little over threepence. You may see one man carry a cottage piano, or an iron girder, or a twenty-foot section of railway line, though probably luggage of that sort commands a special price. You tip with a franc, where in England you would give half-a-crown, which is only in fair proportion to wages; and though your laundry costs you from two francs to two and a half a dozen, it comes home snow-white, and the price includes dresses and all the "white wear" essential to the climate. If you wash at home, your laundry woman, often Russian or Armenian, costs about one and twopence a day, but then skilled labor is dear, and you can get an ordinary charwoman for about sixpence! Fur-

niture used to be costly and scarce, but you can now get any design in wood and metal-work copied at a very reasonable price in the workshops of the Alliance Israélite. The less carpets, curtains, and general upholstery one has the better; but this is, naturally the happy hunting-ground for rugs, embroideries, and inlaid cabinet-ware.

Temple Bar.

The problem why people of small incomes, independent of their surroundings, continue to struggle along in England and America, becomes more perplexing as the struggle becomes more difficult. Perhaps one solution is—that others may struggle the less, elsewhere.

A. Goodrich-Freer.

THE CLIMAX.

I.

Michael Prendergast shut the door of his dispensary with a bang that sounded down the empty street, then lounged back against it and slowly lit his pipe. The life of an Irish doctor in an Irish village is peculiarly his own—as aloof from interference as his rough tweed clothes or his manner of speech. The pipe drew badly; with the deliberation that characterized all he did, Prendergast made his position more comfortable and struck another match.

It was an exceptional September day. Across the roadway the thatched roofs looked warm and brown as clustered bees; to his right the ducks clamored vigorously round the village pump; to his left, where the street curved, a fragment of sea showed between yellow and white washed houses like a steel band against the dazzling sky. He was no self-analyst, but he was aware of the light clear warmth in a lifting of spirit. Unconsciously he moved forward, and, looking up, let his eyes rest with a certain contentment on the battered house that spelt routine in his daily life—at the crooked window-sashes and the notice of his attendance in half-obliterated black letters on a

white painted board: the whole comfortable discomfort that he had at first chafed at, then tolerated, at last learned to call life. For there is no place in the world where the lotus-eater matures more rapidly than in the solitary island shadowed by hills and lapped by tides. Like many another, Prendergast had begun life with purposes and energies; but the people, the atmosphere, the very soil of the country, are alien to such things: the solid wall of influences had prevailed, and his nature had dosed to sleep.

He was still gazing at the notice-board, still ruminating pleasantly—the tobacco in his pipe glowing as he drew and let go his breath—when a sound in the deserted street roused him. A man's laugh—its echo in a girl's voice—then footsteps, partly muffled in the sandy dust of the roadway. He turned abruptly, raised his cap, then drew back a step into his original position, slightly disconcerted for almost the first time in his recollection.

The girl's form was familiar—familiar enough to bring the slow blood to his face; but the man's was new, with the intolerable newness of an unexpected, unreckoned-with thing. He glanced over the slight figure in its spotless flannels, and felt suddenly and hotly conscious of his rough-cut

tweeds: then the feeling fled before a fierce pang of self-disgust at his momentary weakness. At this precise moment the two in the roadway paused. The man looked coolly interested, the girl flushed with unwonted exhilaration.

"Good morning, Doctor Prendergast," she said. "This is Mr. Astley, the friend from London that we expected last night. His boat was kept back by the fog. He only arrived from Cloghal two hours ago." She spoke a little hurriedly, glancing from one to the other. Strangers were few at Rosscoe, and introductions rare.

When she ceased speaking there was a pause. A group of fishermen passed, carrying nets and lobster-pots, and the ducks by the pump scattered in confusion. Prendergast shifted his position awkwardly: the stranger, with absolute unconcern, screwed in his eyeglass, and surveyed him as he might an interesting monument.

"How d'you do?" he said.

Prendergast squared his wide shoulders. "This is a tame spot after London," he remarked. "How does it strike you?"

The other smiled. His smile, like everything from his immaculate pana-ma to his doeskin boots, was cool and complete: it altered his face just enough to show a perfect row of teeth, but it left his satirical questioning eyes untouched.

"The place is interesting," he said; "but it's the people I've come for. I'm rather studying the Celt." His words dropped out with great conciseness, each syllable cut and clear. Prendergast unconsciously began knocking the ashes out of his smouldering pipe. At this point the girl interposed.

"Mr. Astley is writing a great book," she said, "and he's hunting for uncultivated types. Isn't that it?" She looked up with naive admiration at the thin clean-shaven face.

The last shred of tobacco fell to the ground, and Prendergast raised his head. "He won't have to look far," he said.

Nancy Odell glanced round quickly. Ill-humor was new in Prendergast.

Astley let his eyeglass drop from his eye; it dangled from its string in the sun. "No," he said smoothly; "I've discovered that for myself."

The veiled sarcasm escaped Nancy; but Prendergast, without fully understanding it, flushed.

"Good-bye, Miss Odell," he said. "There's work waiting up at my place." He held out his hand.

The girl looked puzzled, then distressed. "Good-bye," she said. "And will you dine with us to-night? I know father wants you to—"

He hesitated. Her eyes were on his; Astley was lost in contemplation of the dispensary. "Very well," he agreed brusquely. "Thanks!" Lifting his cap, he turned on his heel and strode down the street towards his own house.

The new-comer turned, his lips curved into sarcastic amusement. "Miss Odell," he said, "I owe you an unpayable debt. I thought they had extinguished the primitive man some hundreds of years ago."

II.

Prendergast reviewed many things that evening as he climbed the steep hill to the Odells'. It seemed that chance had taken Rosscoe—its picturesqueness, its lethargy, its negativity—and, shaking it rudely, had set it down again in altered circumstances.

The sight of this stranger, with his cool superiority, his insolence, exhaling another atmosphere in every breath, had altered the very face of accepted things. The World had penetrated into the Wilderness, which in

our day is tantamount to the Snake in Paradise.

He threw back his shoulders and quickened his pace; he held his head high, but there were misgivings in his heart. With slow exactness he ticked off events from the hour of his arrival in Rosscoe four years before, beginning with the damp, drizzling day on which he had caught his first glimpse of Nancy Odell riding up the village on her chestnut cob—a slim girl of seventeen, with the longest and blackest eyelashes he had ever seen and hair still bound in a dense thick plait. He recalled their first meeting and his subsequent invitation to the old house crumbling away under its ivy; and with the memory came his first impression of Nancy's father. Denis Odell, the man who after a brilliant career at college had returned to Rosscoe on his father's death, had taken up life there, had married, and had gradually, by a process so slow as scarcely to be discernible, passed from the ranks of those who do to the ranks of those who dream. He remembered everything—the whole chain of pleasant uneventfulness; the days that slipped to nights, the nights that merged to days, while outside, beyond the guarding sea and the wall of hills, life went on as usual—fevered, despairing, hopeful, tireless in its steady round. He stopped suddenly in his walk. What had he really done in those four years? The question glowed at him abruptly out of the falling dusk; with unaccustomed force it stormed his mind. He had done his duty, had earned his reputation for goodness of heart, had been charitable in his modest way. But what mite of knowledge had he given to the storehouse of his profession? What had he contributed towards the future of his own life? A great blank met his view—an appalling yawning void. For two whole years he had been placidly in

love. Until to-day the need to put even that love into expression had never touched his mind. He had been content in the silent acknowledgment of the fact. Nancy knew that he cared for her—must know it, he had reasoned; and for the rest—they were young, there was time enough. There was time enough! That had been his philosophy till now. Now somehow everything was changed.

His fingers moved with loose uncertainty as he opened the iron gate, then with a more hasty step than he had used for years he crossed the wide path to the house—the gravel crunching under his feet.

In the hall he was met by Odell. The old man looked unusually alert: some of the light that had been in Nancy's eyes that morning seemed to have passed to his.

"You've seen young Astley?" he said almost at once, linking his arm through Prendergast's and drawing him down the corridor to the drawing-room.

Prendergast answered churlishly in a monosyllable. Though he had expected the words, he resented them now that they were said.

"A clever fellow! A man with a future! It has warmed my heart to see him, Prendergast. His father and I were old friends. Poor Ned! He had a great spirit, but he lacked the grit of this youngster. He belongs to the newer era, eh?"

He laughed with his hand on the drawing-room door, and for the first time Prendergast felt a tinge of alienism in the familiar house. It seemed that the brown walls stared down at him with an unaccustomed air, that there was a new note of criticism in the jar of the turning door-handle. Then he moved forward into the lighted room.

The room—so large and so suggestive of faded splendor, was softened

by a great glow of candles; there were fresh curtains on the long windows, and the bowls of stock on the ancient grand piano seemed more numerous and more fragrant than usual. He felt each infinitesimal difference as he moved forward and took Nancy's hand.

In Nancy, too, there was a change. Her usual cotton dress was discarded for a muslin the color of her eyes; her beautiful hair was coiled with new care; a long gold chain, the only ornament she possessed, was twisted round her neck. Her youth, her charm, her buoyancy, struck Prendergast with a shock. He turned abruptly to where the other guest stood.

Astley came forward, and they shook hands. In dark clothes he looked even slighter of build and paler of face—the coldness of his eyes alone defying all changes of attire and alterations of light. His fingers pressed Prendergast's swiftly, then relaxed. They left the impression of steel—so firm and so lacking in all warmth was their touch.

"Miss Odell and I have been discussing temperaments," he said suavely. "I hold that reaction is the keynote of the Celtic nature; that the more lethargic it seems, the more volcanic its outbreak when the climax comes."

He stopped and adjusted his eyeglass.

Prendergast felt his blood stir at the cool inquisitiveness of the stare, but he controlled the emotion.

"Such topics are beyond Rosscoe," he said. "Here the climax comes first, and we talk about it afterwards."

Astley inclined his head to one side and surveyed him attentively. "Then you never self-analyse?"

"Never!" rose emphatically to Prendergast's lips, but his host interposed.

"Dinner awaits us," he said. "We go in without ceremony, Astley—Doctor Prendergast knows that."

Prendergast straightened himself,

drawing back against the piano to let Nancy pass; but Astley moved silently forward, and held the door ajar for her. He was rewarded with a very sweet smile as she passed into the hall.

That dinner lingered long in Prendergast's mind. Astley—superlatively interesting in ordinary moments—seemed to develop a fresh side when partaking of a meal. Where the rural mind grows dull, his galvanized. He talked much and talked well. Prendergast sat silent and oppressed while he touched on current literature, lingered over Socialism in its last developments, and rounded neatly off with a personal view on European politics. He watched Odell's absorbed face and Nancy's mystified admiration; then steadily enough his gaze moved on to the mirror hanging on the opposite wall and paused on his own reflection. The picture it rested on was not calculated to reassure. The eyes that met his own lacked color, the skin had an uncertain tone, the sandy hair refused to lie flat; lowering his glance, he arrested it once more, this time on the ill-knotted tie and badly fitting coat. How many times, he wondered, had he sat in that same seat and viewed that same image with no glimmering of shame, while he criticized the new schoolmaster or discussed the prospects of the potato crop? At the thought he set his teeth.

Twice Astley appealed to him; but his ideas were glued together, and his answers were wide of the point. More than twice his host tried to draw him into talk; but the geniality sounded like condescension to his overstrained ears, and he responded ungraciously. His emphatic sense of failure hardened into pride. He thought savagely of the degrees he had taken, of the hours he had sweated, of the whole uphill fight, with

little money and few friends, that had landed him where he was. As the thoughts came quick and bitter, the servant entered with coffee, liqueurs, whiskey, and hot water. With an impulse new in its directness, he pushed back his chair and rose. To the three surprised faces turned towards him his expression seemed unchanged; to himself it felt convulsed and strange.

"Miss Odell," he said, "you mustn't mind if I say good night. There's a poor woman on the cliff who wants seeing to. Old Mary Troy, sir"—he turned to his host. "She's not long for this world, and I promised I'd look in before the night was out."

Odell looked up. "Tush, man! It's the old story. They're always going, and never gone. Sit down and have a glass of punch."

His tone was cordial, but Prendergast saw his eyes turn back expectantly to Astley's face.

"Thanks, sir; but it's a true bill this time. Good night." He nodded to Astley. "Good night, Miss Odell." His eyes rested on Nancy's face and his hand sought hers.

She pressed his fingers warmly, but her smile was preoccupied, her attention also was elsewhere. It was a curious fact, that of the three faces the one turned most steadfastly in his direction—the one to show most interest in his movements, most attention to his words—was that of his fellow-guest.

"Good night," Nancy said quickly—"though you don't deserve even that. But if you must go, tell Mary I'll come and see her to-morrow before twelve. I ought really to have gone to-day."

"All right. Good night."

Odell followed him to the hall and helped him into his overcoat. As he rolled up the collar, Astley's succinct voice reached them from the dining-room.

"So you are Lady Bountiful? You make me wish I had an interesting disease and a cabin on the cliff."

Odell laughed. By an immense effort Prendergast echoed the sound, then, shaking hands hurriedly, he opened the door with a wrench and passed out into the chill quiet.

Leaving the grounds, he turned—not upwards towards Mary Troy's cottage, but downwards, steadily and directly to the sea. Deception in any form was foreign to him, but the moment had come when he must have a new atmosphere. Leaving the road, he gained the rocks by a footpath, and, crossing them with steady, accustomed feet, paused on the outer ledge, took off his cap, and let the air blow strongly through his rough hair. Outwardly he was calm and dogged; so also, by a strange affinity, was the mass of water at his feet. The oily sheen of autumn was over the black waves as they sucked and murmured in sullen quiet. The primary elements of his nature dumbly understood the restrained power and answered to it. He stood for some minutes breathing in the moist salt air; then he turned and slowly retraced his steps. As he regained the road he stopped.

"I'll tell her to-morrow," he said aloud. "I won't wait another day."

III.

But man proposes. Next day an urgent message called him to the boundary of his district, over the worst roads in the county, and night was falling before he reached home. The following day a fresh obstacle arose, and on the third another. A week passed, and he had not yet seen Nancy alone. To a more impetuous nature the delay would have been insupportable. In Prendergast it called up the dogged fatalism that lay deep in his character, and something of his

old philosophy rose again reassuringly. There was time enough! Men like Astley might flit across the horizon of Rosscoe, disturbing its elements, but in due season they must inevitably flit away again and be forgotten. He stated this to himself on the seventh night after the Odells' dinner, as he sat in his lonely room by the light of his solitary lamp; and he reiterated it in the sunlight of the next morning, as he unpacked a chest of drugs brought by the post, and laid the contents on the window-sill of the dispensary, to await sorting. The philosophy was still in his mind as he sauntered across the cliff later in the day—his gun on his shoulder, his dog at his heels.

His eyes were on the heather in front of him, his battered brown pipe was well aglow, when he paused in the midst of his meditation, arrested by a voice behind him.

"Hallo, Doctor! Where are you off to? Haven't seen you these hundred years."

It was the voice of Denis Odell; and, turning, Prendergast saw him emerge from one of the narrower tracks into the wide path that encircled the cliff. He looked brisk and healthy; there was a new spirit in his voice.

"Had any luck?" he asked. "We heard you banging away."

"Nothing to talk about." Prendergast spoke absently; he was speculating on the change in his companion. In all the years of their acquaintance he had never known Odell to leave his room, much less his house, before afternoon.

The other saw his thought. "You're wondering," he said. "It's the touch of the world that's done it. Why did none of you here ever tell me I was vegetating? I'd have mouldered into the graveyard ten years before my time if Astley hadn't turned up to rejuvenate me. He's like one of your

tonics, Prendergast—bitter to taste, but powerful in results." He laughed.

Prendergast shifted his gun uneasily. "You've been showing him the caves?" He nodded towards the track Odell had just ascended.

"Yes. The three of us have been exploring, and I've beaten the two of them in the climb back. Not bad for a dried-up recluse, eh?" He laughed again.

"No." Prendergast shifted his position and whistled to the dog. He knew that he himself could scarcely have outstripped Nancy in the ascending of a cliff had she cared to reach the summit first; and at the thought the first fully comprehended pang of jealousy shot over his senses. But instantly he shook it off. What had this stranger to do with Rosscoe, or life at Rosscoe? Nothing. He moved once more impatiently, and the dog stirred.

"Down, Rose! Quiet, old girl!" He looked uneasily towards the side path. The thought of Nancy and the stranger alone on the brown rocky track filled him with ungovernable thoughts. Then suddenly his mood changed and lightened; his faith flowed back. "I hear them!" he exclaimed. "They're coming! This is a new experience for Mr. Astley." He laughed with a great reaction; there had been a terrible moment, but the moment was passed. He went forward quickly and looked over the cliff.

Nancy came first, her blue eyes alight, her hair blown about her temples. She walked over the boulders and loose earth of the track with the erect ease she would have shown on a level road; a pace or two behind came Astley, his pale face a shade or two paler than usual, his thin lips apart. The girl was the first to see Prendergast; she blushed quickly and then smiled.

"Doctor Prendergast!" she exclaimed.

"Where in the world have you been hiding yourself all this time?" The words were slight, the tone hurried, but they were sufficient to bring the blood in a slow tide to Prendergast's face. Unconsciously he raised his head, and met Astley's amused, sarcastic gaze.

"I have been working," he said.

Nancy gained the path and her companion followed. As he reached Prendergast's side he raised his eyebrows.

"Does anybody ever work in Ireland?" he asked innocently, disentangling his eyeglass string.

Odell laughed. "Look out, Astley!" he called. "I'd have broken your father's head for that thirty years ago. Come here, little girl," he added, "and give me an arm home. That climb was pretty stiff after all."

Astley and Prendergast drew back, and Nancy went forward, patting the dog's head as she passed. Odell took her arm affectionately, and they turned towards home.

The two men, left alone, stood silent and uncertain. A second passed, then another; at last Astley broke the pause.

"Where there's no alternative, Doctor," he said, "it's best to philosophize. Will you walk home with me?"

The delay that followed was acute in its suggestion. Prendergast kicked at a tuft of heather, then looked down in deep contemplation at his boot; Astley, his head inclined to the left, his eyes gleaming with sarcastic query, watched him with steady attention. The thought in each mind was visible—in the one, keen, unemotional interest; in the other, active distrust. The position was slightly ludicrous. Astley laughed.

"Come," he said, "we each have our point of view. I am superlatively irritating in your eyes; you are superlatively interesting in mine. Now, your

profession is one of philanthropy. Will you walk back with me?"

The tone stung Prendergast, but the words amused him. His humor, lifeless for a week, roused itself, and he echoed the other's laugh.

"Just as you like," he acceded. "I suppose I am a bit churlish; we get like that from being alone."

Astley took the apology in wise silence, and they moved forward towards the bend round which Nancy and her father had disappeared. They walked slowly; it was a day to be lazily enjoyed. The cliff was splendid in its fading heather, the wide sweep of sea shimmered copper rather than gold; everywhere lay the colors and the peace of an autumn afternoon. Prendergast eyed it placidly in the calm appreciation that time and custom bring; Astley, after one cursory glance, took no further notice of the scene, but fixed his whole concentrated interest on the man by his side. He looked as the entomologist looks when he pins a new and rare moth to his setting-board.

Looking back upon that walk, Prendergast could never remember precisely what they talked about. He had a certain after-impression that Astley had been even more brilliant and more individual than on the night of the dinner; that slowly and by reluctant degrees his own innate dislike and distrust of the man had thawed before his caustic charm, till he had been drawn to discuss his life, his work—even his sentiments. That was his impression, but his impression, seen in the clearness of after-knowledge, was like a phantom light in presence of the sun—a poor, untraceable thing, without color or form. His first clear recollection dated from their pause at the point where the cliff track stopped and the road began. Far away in the distance the figures of Nancy and her father were dis-

cernible, heading steadily for home; above them the corn-fields rolled away—yellow and cropped and cleaned of their treasure; below was the village, the rocks, and the strand. The spot invited rest; Astley was the first to stop. Screwing in his eyeglass, he turned sharply on his companion and surveyed him deliberately with the old look that so roused antagonism.

"This visit to Ireland has meant a good deal to me," he said.

The tone he used was peculiar—so peculiar that Prendergast lifted his head. In an instant the partial softening of his feelings was arrested: he drew back into himself—once more watchful, suspicious, ill-at-ease.

"What do you mean?" he asked. The art of polite preamble was unknown to him.

For a moment Astley made no answer. He looked across the bay to where the second headland showed shadowy in the haze. Then he looked slowly and deliberately back at Prendergast.

"I mean that Miss Odell has promised to be my wife," he said.

IV.

It was many hours later that Prendergast unlocked the door of the dispensary, and, leaving it ajar, walked upstairs. He walked slowly and heavily—the toes of his boots stumbling methodically against each uncarpeted step, the sleeve of his coat rubbing against the white-washed wall. Entering the bare consulting-room, he paused: his gun hung from his hand; the dog, a yard behind him, stood attentive and surprised. For several seconds he stayed immovable, then, stirred by some untraceable thought, he lifted the gun, looked at it, and laid it aside. Taking off his cap, he passed his hand slowly and perplexedly across his hair.

How he had parted with Astley, what he had said, how he had borne himself, belonged to some vague, long-past time. He had a shadowy memory of a cold concise voice, and of cold, amused, intensely inquisitive eyes. Then came a knowledge of escape and a recollection of walking—walking on and on, without sense of distance or destination, in a fruitless attempt to outstrip himself. With the remembrance of his walk he looked quickly down at his boots caked with red mud; then with the dazed, vacant look still on his face he crossed the room to the window overlooking the street.

On the window-sill stood the packing-case that the post had brought, the strewn shavings, the phials and boxes of varying size. He looked at them stolidly, with difficulty connecting them with himself. Each one had been given its place that morning by a man in the strong confidence of life, each was glanced over now by a man who had lost the very bearings of existence. Once more he passed his hand heavily over his hair.

To emphasize his feelings in that hour would be impossible—he had none to emphasize. Neither rage nor loss nor desolation held any part in his comprehension. He was merely stunned.

For well over ten minutes he kept the same position—his hands hanging by his sides, his eyes fastened unseeingly on the litter before him; then swiftly, by one of those tiny incidents that change events, he was brought back to movement. The dog, lying under the table, stirred in its sleep, stretched its paws shiveringly, and yelped. The sound, so familiar and so commonplace, roused him.

"Wake up, Rose!" he said unconsciously. "Wake up, old girl!"

The sound of his voice in the still room was hollow: the dog sprang up, twisted its body, yawned, and came

forward, wagging its tail. A second later it thrust its nose amongst the *débris* of the window-sill, sending one small bottle rolling to the ground.

Prendergast stooped and recovered it. It was a narrow bottle, neatly packed with fine white grains, and bearing a significant label. As he drew himself upright again he held it to the light, his face grimly relaxed.

"One pinch of this, Rose," he said, "and—" But he didn't finish. With a sound half fierce, half ironical, he broke off sharply, and, holding the bottle between his fingers, walked the length of the room. Three times he paced from end to end, then pausing, he laid it aside in his ordinary drug cupboard, and continued his promenade with empty hands.

He walked persistently for three minutes, as a prisoner might tramp a jail-yard; then once more he paused, surprised into quiet by a fresh sound—the sound of steps on the carpetless stairs outside. With a first impulse he turned to annihilate the intruder, then something in the steps themselves—something in the soft, considered mounting, held him mute. The dog walked to the door and growled. The growl steadied him.

"Down, Rose!" he said roughly, and moving past the animal he threw the door wide.

In the passage the pale face of Astley accosted him sharply through the dust.

He drew back, and his visitor made a step forward; the light of question still flickered in his eyes.

"I rather thought of consulting you professionally," he began, "and finding the door open I came up. Have I transgressed?" He laughed, but his cold voice was more alert than usual, his words more clipped.

In silence Prendergast drew back into the room.

The other still halted on the thresh-

old. "Have I transgressed?" he asked again.

"You may come in." Prendergast forced the monosyllables. At the first sound of the chilling voice his whole mental mechanism had undergone a change. As a cold douche sends the blood tingling, the first word uttered by Astley had slashed his lethargy into bits. All the silent antipathy that existed from the first, all the new, intolerable sense of wrong that lay dormant in his mind, flooded up and met. At school he had earned the reputation of being hard to rouse; as he stood now by the deal table, conscious in every pore of Astley's presence, he remembered by a strange linking of ideas one memorable day in that same school-life on which he had, single-handed, fought and conquered three boys of his own size. At the recollection he crossed the room rapidly and stood once more by the window, looking down into the deserted street.

Silently Astley moved forward, and in his turn also paused by the table.

"The fact is," he began, "my nerves gave me a bad time this morning, and have left the legacy of a splitting head. It struck me to come to you for relief—" As he spoke he leant forward; the light from the small windows was growing momentarily duller. A September evening falls rapidly once the sun has dropped.

"A headache?" Prendergast said the word dully: he was aware, in a strange uncertain way, of a tightness—a sense of congestion in his own brain. "A headache?" he said again.

"Yes; a headache."

The words reached him, but their meaning left him untouched. Without definite object he walked back into the room, and, passing Astley, paused once more by the cupboard in the wall. His hand strayed to the door-hinge and fumbled there: the motion was un-

conscious, but it raised a new query in his visitor's attentive eyes.

He left his place by the table and drew closer to Prendergast by two steps.

"Make me a dose," he urged; "you have the materials under your hand." His voice was at all times distinct; when he chose he could make it vibrate like a bell. As he spoke now he used all his power, and in direct and violent response a change passed over Prendergast. He lifted his head, straightened his shoulders, and once more passed his hand across his hair. By some inexplicable force the blood that had seemed massed in his brain rushed darkly over his face—roaring in his ears, dancing before his eyes. He had been moving, living, talking in a dream; now abruptly he was awake, conscious of himself and of his loss, with a consciousness that ran direct, without offshoot or divergence, into one channel—the channel of violent, jealous hate. In that instant of enlightenment, every impulse and every feeling concentrated to a point, he understood everything from the first moment his eyes had rested on Astley to the present hour; each item, each incident, each idea turned on the same pivot—jealousy. Jealousy! On the spur of the thought he half turned, his hand clenched; then, with a motive altogether novel, he paused on his impulse, and slowly, quite slowly, turned back, facing the cupboard once again. Astley's words seemed to hop in material form between the bottles, to stare at him from the shelves. "Make me a dose; you have the materials under your hand!" Harshly, smoothly, suggestively—in every varying note they were shouted and whispered in his mind.

"What do you mostly take?" he asked. The words came steadily enough, but it didn't seem that the voice that spoke them belonged to him.

Astley came forward another step. "Oh, anything—antipyrin or the other stuff—anything you like—" He, too, seemed slightly and unaccountably perturbed, but the perturbation escaped Prendergast. Such a man in such a moment is oblivious of everything but his own dominant thought.

His face had a gray pallor, his hand fumbled continuously with the hinge. "Heart sound?" he asked, without turning round.

For an instant Astley made no reply, then he laughed with deliberate, sarcastic point. "My dear doctor, what a question to a man in my position! Surely Miss Odell is the authority there." The words were light, but they were meant to cut, and they fulfilled their mission. Prendergast made no remark. For a complete minute he remained absolutely motionless, absolutely mute; then picking up a wine-glass he carried it across the room, half filled it with water, and returned to the cupboard and his former place. His face still had a leaden tinge, his eyes were fixed: without a glance at Astley he leant forward—his wide shoulders robbing the cupboard of light. With jerking fingers he uncorked a bottle, measured a pinch of white powder and spilt it into the glass; then, having added two other ingredients, he turned round. His face was expressionless and without movement, save for the throbbing of a nerve at the corner of his mouth—a curious vehicle of feeling that answered to no control. Without a word he held the glass at arm's length.

The light in the room was failing. Astley, with slightly nervous haste and head inquisitively thrust forward, moved to his side.

"This is the dose?" he asked, his hand half extended, his eyes bright with question and surmise.

Prendergast saw each detail, and his innate physical loathing of the man

rose overwhelmingly. "Yes; this is the dose," he said in a dull voice, and thrusting the glass into Astley's hand, he walked to the window and stood looking out.

All men have their dark—their terrible hour—to be lived through, struggled through, crawled through, as the case may be. How long Prendergast stood by the window and stared through the dusty panes matters not at all: whether a moment or a lifetime, the issues were the same. He stood while the savage tide of his jealousy leaped up in fire and fell back to water—running in trickling sweat down his forehead from his hair. Then at last he turned. All life seemed gone from his face, and he stooped like one who has passed through great physical exertion, but the strained look had left his eyes. Whatever his fight had been, it was fought through.

The room seemed very dim as he turned, but the glint of the glass as his patient raised it slowly caught his eye as lightning might have done. He sprang forward; the dog made a frightened sound—half bark, half cry; Astley stepped backward, overturning a chair. For a bare instant all was confusion; then Prendergast drew back against the wall and wiped his face. The dog had run to him and was fawning on his feet; Astley, with a colorless face and a smile on his thin lips, was twisting and re-twisting his eyeglass string; between them on the ground lay the shattered fragments of the wine-glass, its spilt contents running in a thin stream across the boards.

That night Prendergast did not go home; but when, worn and exhausted, he let himself into his house next morning at six o'clock, the first object that met his glance was a propped-up letter on the hall-table. It was a thick letter in a square envelope, addressed in an unfamiliar hand.

Blackwood's Magazine.

He had entered the house with inert movements. With the same inertness he picked up the envelope and tore it apart. It bore the date of seven o'clock on the previous evening—exactly half an hour after the moment at which he had watched Astley pass down the dispensary stairs. He scanned the first lines dully; then a change passed over his face—the dark tide of blood that suffused his skin in emotion swept over it, he turned with unsteady fingers to the signature, then returned to the first page and read the letter to the end. It was carefully and concisely worded—the writing distinct and small.

"*My Dear Doctor,*" it began, "I am your debtor under two heads—I owe you my apologies and my thanks. I came to your village with a purpose and a theory; by your unconscious help I leave it to-morrow with the first fulfilled and the second verified. In short, I came here to find you the quite lethargic hero of a very promising comedy, and, having a turn for human theatricals, I conceived the idea of playing scene-shifter and audience in one—of providing a climax and watching the lethargic hero live through it. From your point of view the act was unwarrantable; but, as I once explained to you, a point of view is a very prejudiced affair at best, and when all is reckoned up no solid harm has been achieved. I have gained an insight into the Celtic nature by a means no more genuine than your dose of—shall we say antipyrin? And for the rest, Miss Odell is entirely charming; but such pleasant pastimes as love and marriage lie in more worthy—or should it be more suitable?—hands than mine.—Yours faithfully,
James Astley."

Prendergast read the letter to the end, word by word; then slowly, dazedly, unbelievingly, he turned back to the beginning and read it through again.

Katherine Ceeil Thurston.

FOUR DAYS IN A FACTORY.

One of the first things that strikes an American woman, on coming to live in London, is the fact that women may be constantly seen going into and out of public-houses. They are sometimes alone, sometimes carrying their babies, sometimes in company with other women or with a man, and they may be observed lingering for a long time, often for hours, inside the swinging doors. London papers, too, are filled with items that are never found in American papers, lists of female convictions for drunkenness, children cruelly neglected by drinking mothers, or husbands deceived and homes ruined by drunken wives.

And this only too obvious difference between the two countries (for in America drunkenness among working women is extremely rare, and they are practically never seen in public-houses), is borne out by a more intimate acquaintance with the habits of the London poor. For years, I have known intimately a set of brave factory girls in London, who have come to my club in the winter evenings, and spent long summer days with me in the country, and from these girls, brave because they have signed the pledge and have kept it, I have heard of the constant temptations to drink which surround them on every hand. As little children they were sent to the nearest public-house to fetch drink for father or mother, very often when father and mother were too drunk to fetch it for themselves, and there was always the temptation to steal the little reward of a sip from the can. When they left school for the factory at 14, proud to have their hair up, their first initiation into grown-up life

was the beer or whisky fetched in to the factory to fête the new arrival, beer that they were expected to share in drinking, and were to pay for entirely out of their first week's wages. Then they were asked to join the "spirit club," paying in so many pennies a week for several weeks before a wedding, a birthday, or a holiday, and the money thus saved was spent in one grand drinking bout, either in the factory, or, if that was not allowed, in the nearest public-house. Then very soon came the friendship with some young man, the "walking-out" with him, and the drinks it was the custom for him to offer, as his one idea of a happy evening or a holiday.

"But it is not only the young men who do the paying," said Matilda to me one evening. "Before holiday times girls save up their money, and go into a public-house directly they are paid off. Then each girl stands a 2d. whisky to her friends, and if it is a party of five or six friends, each girl has five or six glasses, and pays 10d. or 1s. Sometimes they go together in even a larger party, and spend each one as much as 2s. or 2s. 6d." "How can they possibly afford it?" I asked, "when their wages are only 10s. a week or under?" "They pay first and afford it afterwards," she answered.

"Do the girls do this in your starch factory?" I asked Matilda's sister.

"No," she answered, "because our forewoman is a member of a Temperance Association, and most of the girls are teetotallers."

I had no reason to doubt all these facts told me by my girls, but I thought I should like to see and prove for myself.

self the conditions of working girls' lives, and I determined to enter a factory for a week. All my friends told me that the disguise would be impossible, but my club girls were more sanguine. They said that I must disguise my age, but need not disguise my voice, as they often had girls with quiet voices in their factories, but never women of middle age.

My dress consisted of an old torn black skirt, a dirty, ill-fitting cotton blouse, an old green jacket without buttons, and a shabby sailor hat pressed down over a row of front "curlers," my back hair being strained into a tight little knot. The "curlers" were the most important part of the disguise, six metal ones across my forehead completely changing my expression. When I got taken on in the factory, 44 out of the 45 girls employed there wore these curlers, and many of them told me that they kept them on from Monday morning until Saturday afternoon, when they burst forth, I suppose, in the glory of a really curly fringe. Over my skirt I also had on a dirty blue apron, but to wear it in the street to and from work, as I did the first day, was, I found, considered very low.

"Sy, you don't wear your apron 'ome, do you? You didn't ought to," at least ten girls said to me my second day.

My hands were very dirty, and on one finger I tied a dirty rag, but I could not manage the blue tattoo marks on my bare wrists which I afterwards saw on the arms and wrists of most of the girls in the factory. One girl had "Fred" tattooed on her wrist, and other girls had initials, or anchors, or pierced hearts.

In this disguise, I presented myself one Tuesday afternoon at a rope factory where I had heard that a particularly rough set of girls were employed. I had also heard that work was not

slack there as in so many other factories, and I was rejoiced to see, on turning the corner of a quiet street, a large paper pasted on a gate with the words written across it in blue letters, "Girls wanted." Beside the closed gate was a little house, with the office in it. I entered this, and said to the smart young clerk, "I want work." "This way," he said, and showed me into a little yard. "I will call the foreman."

After standing in the cold for about five minutes, the foreman appeared, a rough workman in a dirty blue linen suit.

"I see you want girls," I began; "I want work."

"You ought to have come sooner, I took two on after dinner. What have you been doing?"

"Housework." (This was nearer to the truth than any other reply would have been.)

"You'd better not leave," he said, not unkindly. "Better stay where you are. Do you understand this work?"

"No," I answered, "but I should like to come here."

"Well, you can come on Monday and try again: it won't hurt you to come."

"What wages do you pay?" I asked.

"Eight shillings a week to beginners, rising to ten shillings when they gets worth it."

"I want ten shillings." (My club girls had told me to ask for ten.) "I am very strong."

"Yes, if you're worth it, but you see you don't know the work."

"What are the hours?"

"Six to five-thirty. You can come again on Monday." And with this final but not very satisfactory remark, he turned me out of the yard.

The following Monday I reached the rope factory about 11 o'clock. Again I was shown into the yard and again disappointed, as the foreman had only

Just taken on a new girl at six that morning.

"You can come at six in the morning to-morrow, if you like," he said, "and try again," and with that I had to be satisfied. But as it was not a definite promise, I thought I would try for other work in case this failed. I went to four laundries in the neighborhood, but was invariably met with the disconcerting question, "What can you do?" My answer that I did not understand laundry work was always greeted with a superior smile, and the reply that no such girls were needed, though in one case I was told that I might come back and see the manageress after dinner. Knowing that the rope girls had dinner at one o'clock, I went back there to see them come out. They were indeed a very rough lot, in torn dresses and coarse sacking aprons and "curlers," no hats, laughing very loud and shouting to passers-by. Some of them saw me slinking along on the other side of the street and laughed at me. I hung about until the gates shut at two o'clock, hoping that the foreman would take me on, but he paid no attention to me. When I had ventured to suggest to him that I might be allowed in for the afternoon to learn the work, he briefly and forcibly replied that he knew his own business best, and that I could not teach it to him.

As there seemed no prospect of work in any laundry, I bethought myself of a large box factory near the "Prince o' Wales" public-house.

I turned up a muddy lane, past another public-house, the "Corner Pin," and at the door of a huge factory I was told to ask for the manager in a little office. A young lady type-writer, behind a glass screen, greeted me politely, and told me that the manager would come presently. There was only one chair in the little room, and that was covered with packages,

but I managed to sit down on the edge, as I was very tired. After about twenty minutes, two working girls came in, having heard, they said, that hands were wanted, and we talked for an hour while we waited together. The youngest was rather a pretty girl of seventeen, dressed in shabby black for her mother, who had recently died. During her mother's illness she had left the laundry where she was getting 10s. for four days' work, but was now anxious to begin earning money again. Her companion was a stolid, stupid girl of nineteen, who had been a general servant, but not to "sleep in," evidently a very degrading thing in the opinion of both of them. She wanted to make a little money only "to get some clothes round her," as her father was willing to keep her, and she was being over-persuaded by her friend to try the box-factory instead of general service again. They talked about the character of the girls in the factory, and said that some of them were very rough and spent a great deal of money at the two public-houses at the end of the lane.

"But we needn't go with them," they said, "we can keep to ourselves."

A small boy kept appearing at intervals to ask us if we were being attended to; and finally a smart young woman, with her hair most elaborately dressed, came in and asked a few hurried questions as to age, previous occupation and wages of my companions, who were nearer the door than I. The younger one said that she had been receiving 7s. a week, and explained to me afterwards, "What was the good of my s'yng 10s.? I knew I could not get that 'ere."

"You would begin at 6s. a week here," said the manageress, and hurried away.

We commented on her dress and admired her hair, until the small boy appeared and announced pompously,

"No new girls are wanted here." So we went away, the other two very discontented at having been kept waiting so long. Six shillings apparently seemed to them a splendid sum to begin on while they were learning the work. As it was late, and I was very tired, I abandoned any further search for work, trusting that I should be taken on at the rope factory on Tuesday.

Having put my hair in curlers over night, and set my alarm clock for 4.30, I was out of the house before five o'clock the next morning. It was still quite dark, and very few people were in the streets, only an occasional policeman or a small group of workmen about the coffee-stalls. Even the public-houses were not open, though many of them were dimly lighted. A few carts were astir, but mostly not going in my direction. Not knowing how long the walk would take, as I had always gone by 'bus before, I hurried on. In the dark I was afraid of missing my turning, and I finally inquired the way of a man in a little news-agent's cart.

"It's a long w'y yet," the man replied. "Won't you 'ave a lift?"

I got in very thankfully, and as we went along we chatted of his horse, his business, his hours, and so on, and I told him of the work I was hoping to get. At parting he called out, "I 'ope you'll get the job. I'll look out for you," but I was never fortunate enough to meet him again.

As it was not yet six o'clock I went into a little eating house and had a cup of cocoa for a penny. It was rather thin and too sweet, but very warming after my cold drive. At five minutes to six, I found the factory doors open, and went in with some of the girls through the yard where I had waited twice, and through a door into a very large high room lighted with electric light, and filled with machin-

ery and large iron bobbins of rope. The girls took off their jackets and sailor hats, and hung them up in a little wooden room partitioned off. After inquiry, I stood close to the door where another girl was also waiting. She said that the foreman had definitely engaged her, and I felt miserable to think that I was not so sure. However, when the six o'clock electric bell rang, another foreman came up to us and said, "Come along, I'll show you what to do." I dropped my hat in the mess room and followed the line of girls into a still larger room, where the machinery was already making a deafening noise. The foreman placed me beside a large combing machine and fetched a girl named Ethel to show me how to feed the machine with hemp.

"It's easy work," she screamed above the loud roar "taint 'ard." The hemp was slowly uncoiled from twelve large bins over pulley bobbins into the machine, and our business was to pick out any imperfections, knots or bits of dark grass, or rubbish, and when the bins were emptied to roll up fresh ones, fastening the new hemp to the old hemp without any break. At 6.30 another girl named Lucy appeared and took Ethel's place, and she worked with me until the fourth day, when I was considered competent to work that end of number 3 machine alone.

The hemp was combed and pressed in my room by seven machines, each one of which was tended by several girls who all shared what little responsibility there was, and worked amicably together, though with a languor and lack of interest that were plainly the result of the great fatigue necessarily arising from the fact that they had been up since 4.30, and that many of them had to work from 6 to 8 without food. It seems to me impossible to get good work out of anybody under these conditions; and I

feel sure that even these rough girls would have worked with far more energy and interest if they had been less tired and better fed, and had been given some sufficient incentive to increase the output of their labors.

Shortly after I had got to work, the timekeeper came and asked me my name, and told me that my number would be 28. After that, three times a day on beginning work, I had to take the little metal check 28 off its hook on the board near the door and drop it into a box. If I had arrived too late to go into the factory at 6, I could have come in, as Lucy generally did, at 6.30, fine 1d. After that I should not have been admitted until after breakfast at 8.30, fine 4d. This happened on my last day, and the foreman advised me not to let it happen soon again, as when fines mount up to 6d. another 6d. is put on. He asked me kindly if I had overslept myself, and was indeed always very kind to me, except when I neglected my work. The girls all voted him "very civil," and had their jokes with him, as also with old Jack, the man who oiled the machines, who would sometimes chase after them with his can.

At 8 o'clock a bell rang, and we had half an hour for breakfast, which the girls had brought with them, bread and butter and tea, made in open tin cans, with sugar and milk that one girl went out to fetch in. I went out myself to an eating shop and had a boiled egg and a cup of cocoa, and at dinner time a plate of roast beef; but the girls did not know of these luxuries.

From 8.30 till 1 we worked again, and this was the longest part of the day. It seemed as if the hours would never pass. There was no clock in the factory, and we should be "given the sack," the girls told me, if we stood on the windowsill to look up at the clock in the church tower just opposite.

The work was very monotonous; and it took me three days to get used to the continuous standing. The girls soon got hungry, after their light breakfast, and were constantly nibbling bread and butter, or eating unwholesome sweets. When our machines went wrong or the hemp ran short we used to chat a little, roaring out brief questions and answers above the noise of the machinery. It was very difficult for me to understand the shrill cockney tones at first, but I gradually understood and answered more intelligently.

"Sy, is you going to give us a concert again at dinner time?"

"Sy, 'ave you got a bloke?"

"Sy, do you think your lydy wot you told us about will ever come and talk to us at the dinner hour? We ain't well enough dressed. Must we wear collars?" (Instead of silk handkerchiefs). "Sy, will she really come?"

"Sy, 'ow do you like it 'ere?"

"Sy, is you really going to give us some flowers at dinner-time? I'm passionately fond of flowers."

From one to two we had a rest, and I spent most of the time in the mess room with five girls who had been very friendly from the first, and had invited me to sit with them, and had told me not to mind if the other girls laughed at me. They had for dinner more bread and butter and tea, and one or two of them would generally go out to fetch a ha'porth of fried potatoes and 2 ha'porths of fried fish or some pastry which they ate by themselves or shared with the others. I never saw them eat any meat except once or twice in a sandwich, or a meat stew. They were extremely generous in offering me their food, and seemed a little hurt when I invariably refused. They talked very freely as they ate, about their tastes and interests and friends, and I found it difficult not to answer their questions

as openly as they answered mine. Towards the end of the time, indeed, as I grew to know and like the girls, my necessary deceit was really painful and seemed a most unfair return for their generous and implicit faith in me. Every girl had a bloke, and they wanted to know if my bloke ever "it me," as theirs constantly did, they said.

"What does your bloke do?" they asked.

"He's out of a job," I was obliged to answer.

"Is 'e in one of them unemployed processions?"

"No," I answered, "he's too grand for that."

"A good job 'e isn't," they said, "they're all boozers. They goes to the next pub and gets drunk."

About 1.30 the other girls, who had been eating their dinners in little groups, scattered about among the piles of hemp, began to collect round the mess room to listen to our conversation. Once or twice I tried singing to them, and they listened with great pleasure, but it was impossible to start choruses they knew, as they at once joined in with loud, coarse voices, with an accompaniment of dancing, and made such a noise that the time-keeper complained. They knew a certain number of hymns, but sang them in a very irreverent and boisterous manner.

At two o'clock the bell rang again, and we all returned to our machines for another three and a half hours. I got very much bored, as my work of picking out blemishes was extremely easy, and did not nearly occupy my whole attention. Once I put a couple of knots in my pocket, thinking that I should like to show them at home, and a girl who saw me told me that I should be "given the sack" if the foreman caught me stealing string.

At about a quarter past five a curl-

ous unrest pervaded the room, and the girls began to slack work and to tidy their hair and put away their aprons. The instant the bell went at five-thirty there was a bolt for the mess room, and the girls were dressed in hat and jacket and out in the street almost before the bell had stopped. Those girls who lived in my direction walked with me until I was so tired that I had to get into a 'bus. Clara, my "mate," on one arm, pretty Lizzie, with her earrings and bold bright eyes, on the other; several other girls rollicking in front, a few more straggling behind. They were in riotous spirits, and pulled an occasional door bell as we passed along, and shouted at every man we met. They saw me into my 'bus with many "good-nights," which they repeated with redoubled shouts and laughter as a little later they drove past the 'bus in the open cart of some kind wagoner.

My second and third days passed in a very similar manner, and the better I got to know the girls, the more I admired their kindness and generosity. On my last day, Friday, I was taken into the yard and shown the shed where the hot water for the tea was boiled. At one side was an old brick fireplace, and this the girls filled with hemp rubbish and lighted up, and we had a splendid blaze at which to warm ourselves. Nine weeks before one of their mates had caught fire there, through her own carelessness, and had been badly burnt. Now she was coming out of the hospital, and the girls were raising a subscription "to get some clothes round her," as they said. There was a rumor that the machinery was out of order, and that the factory might be closed for a week, which meant no wages, but in spite of this prospect of destitution, these generous creatures subscribed each one 6d. or 3d. to the fund.

At half-past four the machinery be-

gan acting very oddly, and the girls made a frightened rush for the door. The head foreman, knowing there was no danger, ordered us back to our places, and soon the manager appeared and set us to work cleaning our machines. But when his back was turned, the girls collected in excited groups to discuss the event. "Why wasn't you afraid?" they asked me; "why didn't you run? The machine might 'ave blowed us all up. 'E wouldn't 'ave cared if we all 'ad one leg in the air and one in the street."

I tried to explain the manager's responsibility for compensation, but they were too excited or too ignorant to understand me.

At five o'clock the bell rang, and we were paid off and told not to return until the following Monday. I received my wages in a little envelope marked—

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A. Russell,
5s. 4½d.

I spent some of my earnings treating several girls to a 'bus ride home, as it was now no longer necessary to pretend to be so poor. I have since been told by a lady, to whose club some of the girls belonged, that they only began this last day to suspect that I was not one of themselves. The first evening, they told this lady of the new girl who was a "cure" (curious), and who didn't seem up to much work and sat down a great deal. Later on they described my singing as being "like a lydy's, but 'er clothes is just like ours, miss, 'er blouse don't meet in the back." This same lady tells me that the girls were out of work for a week, and that they came to the club every evening very much excited, some of them having spent their days going about to public-houses with an organ. But they proudly refused any help

from their club lady, preferring to pawn their clothes.

The girls who belonged to clubs—and there were about ten of them out of the forty-five—were decidedly superior to the others in behavior and ideas. One of these, Ellen, who was a total abstainer, described her life to me. She was 21, the oldest girl in the factory I believe, and her parents were dead. She boarded with a kind landlady, to whom she paid 6s. a week for a small room, food and washing. The landlady called her at 4.30 and gave her a cup of tea and a bit of toast at 5. At 5.30 Ellen started for the factory with tea, sugar, five slices of bread and butter and 3d. for her dinner, handed to her by the landlady out of her 6s. Of this, Ellen only spent 1½d. or 2d. on her dinner, adding the other penny to her 4s. a week spending money. At 6 o'clock in the evening the landlady gave her tea, more bread and butter, with occasionally a "rasher" or a bit of fish. Three evenings a week, Ellen went out with her "bloke," and the other evenings to her club. She was devoted to her club ladies, had learnt a great deal from them, and could sing quite nicely, and tried to keep the other girls in order when they yelled and shouted.

Polly was another girl who described her life to me as she worked on my machine. She was very small and thin, with several teeth out, and an enormous bun of hair at the back. She was 20 and had been married 7 months to a sober chap, who only drank beer once a week for his Saturday dinner. On Sunday her chap gave her a cup of tea in bed at seven o'clock, and then she got up and got breakfast. She spent the morning tidying up. "My chap says I'll die with a broom in me 'and," she said. Then she got dinner, generally a meat stew. After dinner she had a "lay down" while her chap read his pa-

per, the weather being too cold to go out.

Another girl named Edith, aged 17 told me that she was going to be married on Easter Sunday to her "bloke who was always drunk." When I remonstrated with her, she said that she was fond of him, and that she was not a drunkard herself. Annie, who was only 16, talked of having been drunk as most girls would speak of having a headache, and said that she had been drunk on Christmas Day, Boxing Day, and Sunday in the holidays, though she could drink sixpennyworth of whisky without getting silly. Lily, on the other hand, a tall, fine-looking girl of 19, confessed that one glass of beer made her light-headed, and that she was drunk very often, "Not every night," as her mate declared, "but on Saturdays and Sundays and holidays." She had been very drunk during the last holidays, and her mother, who was a teetotaller, wanted her to take the pledge, because they were very poor now, the father, who was a teetotaller also, being in the infirmary. She had not touched anything for a fortnight, and asked me to give her a pledge card to sign, which I did the last day.

I did not see any of the girls drink anything or go into a public-house during my four days, but that was partly because they had just spent all their money during the holidays, and partly because even in my short time I was able to make teetotalism the fashion. I do not believe that all or even the majority of these girls are often really drunk, but I know that they think nothing of going into a public-house and of getting drunk occasionally. The reasons for this are obvious. As children, all these girls were constant habituées of public-houses, fetching the drink for their parents. The public-house was never a forbidden place to them, and as

soon as they became wage-earners, it was their first resort. Tired out with a long day's work on insufficient food, the quickest and pleasantest pick-me-up was to be found in their old haunts, "with the landlady all smiles behind the counter," as one girl said, and the lower their wages, the more reckless and improvident their manner of spending them. Then all their social events are celebrated with drink—weddings, birthdays, even funerals, and all holidays mean a drinking bout. For 6 weeks before Christmas, these girls each contributed 2d. a week to a "spirit club." On the day before Christmas, this money, amounting to several pounds, was spent on whisky and port wine (with a little ginger beer for a few teetotallers), and was drunk in the factory at breakfast and dinner time. And then those girls who felt they had not had enough went out to a neighboring public-house and got more drink.

It was nothing, they told me, for a girl to spend on drink out of her small earnings a shilling or even more on Christmas Day. And yet these girls are to be the mothers and home makers of the future. How are they being prepared for these vitally important duties? What habits and what equipment do they possess for exercising their vocation of motherhood? Are they in any respect fitted for the solemn responsibilities laid upon them?

It is not within the scope of this article to answer these questions, but I hope that my experience will have helped to demonstrate that the girls who work in our factories, and who are to be among the future mothers of our nation, must be better educated, better fed and better paid, and above all must in some way be guarded from the temptations to drink that so fiercely beset their lives.

Alys Russell.

THE MORAL OF THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

The General Election in Germany leaves the constellation of parties in the new Reichstag much on the lines of the old Chamber. For the next few years, that is to say, the majority of members attached to the Centre and Conservative fractions will continue to exert a controlling influence on German policy. To that extent the elections from the point of view of German Liberals must be regarded as disappointing, since it had been hoped that the groups belonging to the Left would return from the polls in sufficient strength to hold the aggressive reactionaries in check. What has happened is that, while the populous centres have for the most part declared by overwhelming majorities against the policy of the last few years, the rural constituencies, especially the Junker strongholds east of the Elbe, remain true to their Conservative traditions, and the same may be said of the Catholic centres in South Germany and Rhenish Prussia. But while the supporters of the Government policy have secured another lease of power, the real significance of the struggle lies in the startling growth in the electoral strength of the Social Democratic party. This fraction, which in the last Reichstag numbered fifty-eight deputies, and represented an aggregate voting strength of 2,100,000, now casts eighty-two votes into the urns on a division, and reflects the views of over 3,100,000 electors. Unfortunately, the Socialist triumph has been gained largely at the cost of the Radical fractions, which number fourteen fewer than in the previous Reichstag. The most serious loss sustained by them is the defeat of Dr. Barth, the courageous leader of the Radical

Union, by the narrow majority of 60 votes, brought about by means which it is confidently believed must invalidate the result. It is probable, therefore, that the exclusion of Dr. Barth from the Reichstag is only temporary. Certainly German Liberals can ill-afford to spare from their inner counsels a politician of such rare ability, more especially as the negotiation of the new Commercial Treaties affords an opportunity for reactionary tactics which can only be defeated with difficulty. As some compensation for these electoral misfortunes it is satisfactory to know that the whole of the prominent members of the extreme Agrarian fraction have been defeated at the poll.

The Socialist triumph has by its completeness startled even the adherents of that party. Abroad the effect produced by the delivery of over three million votes to candidates of a party against which the Emperor himself took the field has naturally been profound. The effect may be seen from two opposing points of view by comparing the comments of the extreme Conservative Press with those of the *Vorwärts*, the organ of the victorious Socialists. While the former hints not obscurely that the advance of Socialism must be prevented, if necessary, by a restriction of the franchise, the latter hails its success as heralding the approaching dawn of the Socialist era. Perhaps the dispassionate observer will have little difficulty in satisfying himself that neither standpoint permits of an accurate forecasting of the future. That the enormous growth in the Socialist vote is extremely unwelcome to the Kaiser goes without saying, but with all his capacity for making mistakes in small matters he seldom blun-

ders on the grand scale, hence he is hardly the man to embark upon a long and bitter repressive campaign, in which ultimately he could be no more successful than was Bismarck with his *Maulkorbgesetze* in 1877. Much more likely is it that the elections will stimulate the Government to a new series of measures aimed at the amelioration of the social condition of the people—measures, like their predecessors, admirably intentioned but inoperative in effect. But the most important outcome of the contest will be the test which will be applied to the constructive capacity of the Socialist Party. Hitherto they have perforce had to content themselves with the negative policy of criticism, but their numbers now give them the privilege of initiating legislation, and it will be interesting to see what use they will make of their powers. Opponents who have sometimes unfairly reproached them with engendering nothing will await the legislative proposals of the Socialist Party with eagerness. In the past the Socialists have denounced Liberals for voting for measures which fall short of their full demand; will the Socialists in their hour of triumph display more of the opportunist and practical temper than hitherto?

Much that has been said with regard to the growth of Socialistic opinions in Germany is scarcely, we imagine, justified by the facts. That the *Vorwärts* should claim the result as an endorsement of Socialistic doctrines is natural from its own point of view; none the less, it would be an entire mistake to conclude that more than a fraction of the party are wedded to the creed of Collectivism. In truth, the Socialist Party in Germany exists not so much in respect to its affirmation of the theories of Karl Marx as in respect to its outspoken denunciation of actual administration. It was not Marxism which attracted the voters

of the Kingdom of Saxony to the red flag in such overwhelming numbers, but the seething discontent which pervades all classes at the crushing taxation and the Court scandals. Similarly in Berlin, where the Socialists only failed to capture the last citadel by a narrow majority, we are told by the *Kölnische Zeitung* that half the members of the Bourse voted red as a protest against the mischievous legislation with regard to Stock Exchange transactions. The brutal treatment of conscripts is always worth more to the Socialists than anything else—except perhaps a hostile speech by the Emperor. Everyone, in fact, with a legitimate grievance against his rulers—and their name is legion in Germany—votes Socialist as the most effective means of registering his protest. Hence despite its formidable electoral showing the Socialist party is perhaps the least homogeneous of all the fractions in the Reichstag. A party which is composed at one end of academic adherents of Collectivism, and at the other of men who reject Marx and his works as opinions or theories already hopelessly discredited by the march of events, cannot keep up a semblance of cohesion for ever.

In the new Reichstag ample opportunity will be afforded to reconstruct the old Liberal Party upon a broader basis. Dr. Barth has pointed out in the *Nation* that when a Liberal candidate has taken up a position sympathetic towards Democratic movements he has been able to rout the Social Democrats even in unholy alliance with the Clericals and the Conservatives. In the Dessau-Zerbat district Dr. Roesicke, the Liberal candidate, was singled out for attack by the Socialists on the ground that an attempt to popularize Liberalism was more dangerous to the Socialist movement than Liberalism of the orthodox type. Yet although the Socialist received aid

from reactionaries, his vote only increased by a few hundreds, whereas Dr. Roesicke increased the Liberal total by several thousands and won the seat outright at the first ballot. The result is significant of much in regard to recent political developments in Germany. If the Liberal parties are not to perish from the desertion of the most ardent democrats to the party which, together with many shortcomings, possesses at least the signal merit of being in earnest, they must recapture their old ideals. The first

step along the new course—we mean the concentration of all reformers, whether Socialists or Liberals—is so plainly dictated by expediency, that a repetition of the Richter tactics of last year would make one despair of the future of Liberalism in Germany. It is to politicians of the Barth type uniting enthusiasm with that practical sense which the Socialist leaders lack that the well-wishers to Liberalism must look for the preservation of the party from being crushed out between Socialism and reaction.

The Speaker.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

The death of Mr. W. E. Henley, which took place on the 11th ult., concludes untimely a career at once pathetic and conspicuous. He lived up to a certain climax with almost a redundant joy in living, despite the physical disabilities under which he suffered; and after the passage of that troublous time may be said to have endured life rather than enjoyed it. A summary of his history is sufficiently singular to be justified, even had he been a lesser man. And he was of that greatness which comes of personality and character first of all. Born in 1849, he was educated in Gloucester under T. E. Brown, whose friend and admirer he always remained. Outside Brown's school he may be claimed to have educated himself, feeding an insatiable appetite upon the inexhaustible food of English letters. At twenty-three the disease to which he was subject all his life had brought him to the Edinburgh Infirmary, whither he had travelled, a sick and penniless lad, in search of a surgeon whose name was sounded in his

ears as a possible saviour. He had been operated upon and lost a leg, and his visit to Edinburgh saved the other; and it was in Edinburgh, during his long residence, he studied languages and wrote verse. It was in the infirmary that Sir Leslie Stephen found him, was astonished by the mental equipment of the young poet, and called the attention of Robert Louis Stevenson to him. In letters Stevenson has left a record of how he paid his visit and made the acquaintance of one who was to be associated in friendship with him for so long, a friendship broken only by the "unplumbed salt estranging seas," and that false perspective that comes of separating distances. Henley wrote, in his "Book of Verses," not only the well-known portrait of R. L. S., but also lines touching in their earnest simplicity, as well as pathetic in view of what happened later:—

We three,
You, I and Lewis, still apart,
Are still together, and our lives,
In shrine so long, may keep

(God bless the thought!
Unjangled till the end.

It was the "Book of Verses," published in 1888, that drew the attention of the literary world to an individual figure. The verses dated from years before, but the interval had been occupied in the struggle for a living as well as the struggle for life. From Edinburgh he plunged into London, and experienced a hard time. He did various sorts of journalistic work, some of it being hackwork. He was art critic, dramatic critic, musical critic, and reviewer. Also he was part-editor of that famous and ill-fated journal *London*, which lived but two years, but in which much of his own best work appeared, as well as some of Stevenson's. In that lean time, when he was engaged in picking up the crumbs that fell from other tables, he kept still a colossal dignity and independence which were always characteristic of him. Indeed, that Titanic individuality often stood in his way. He had ideals which would brook no temporizing and no compromise. He could not deny the truth, or even keep his tongue from proclaiming it. He would starve his body rather than his mind, and when he had flown his colors once they were never to be struck. As a consequence he was out of touch with an age which lived by compromise, and expected suave treatment. The amiable *littérateur* could not understand this baresark, with his amazing passions and his vast generosities. He was formidable, terrible, an object for gentlemanly regrets. *London* was impossible in a London of those days, and when later, in 1889, Henley was called to edit the *Scots Observer*, he was equally incapable of opportunism. Though no man loved praise more, no man clung more fiercely to his gods; and he valued his editorship only because it gave him leave to cultivate

the literary ideals he had worked out for himself. As an editor, from the proprietor's point of view, he failed, but who shall say that in that failure he did not achieve a higher and a nobler success? It was his boast that he encouraged his contributors to write what was best in them according to their lights, and not according to his, and his boast was not vain. In 1882 he became editor of the *Magazine of Art*, and it was during his tenancy of that chair that he persuaded R. A. M. Stevenson, the famous art critic, to his first essays in prose. Henley cudgelled him and whipped him into shape, and Stevenson, ere he died, although he knew it not, was one of the finest writers of prose in our generation. On the *Scots* or *National Observer*, and on the *New Review*, which he edited from 1893 to 1898, his processes were identical. By their fruits must we know all men, and, as an editor, Henley either "discovered" or stimulated innumerable writers. Of these were G. W. Stevens, Harold Frederic, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Mr. David Hannay, Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. Murray Gilchrist, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and many others. If he failed, therefore, to catch the ear of the public, he has at least succeeded for posterity.

Mr. Henley's first and foremost claim in literature is as a poet. His critical powers were singularly penetrating, and, in a sense, his interests were catholic; but he had areas of darkness. He was a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Athenaeum* in years gone by, and was the first critic of repute to call attention to the genius of Mr. Meredith. Many of his studies and appreciations—as of Dickens and Disraeli and others—which appeared in

these pages, subsequently found a place in his volume "Views and Reviews." Perhaps his most searching piece of criticism was that of Burns in the edition due to Mr. Henderson and himself, which scandalized the poet's fellow-countrymen. It is an exhibition of Henley's abilities as a critic at their best. But it is as a poet that he challenges us most readily. His work comprises some three thin volumes, published in 1888, 1892, and 1901. On these his claim as a poet rests. He was undoubtedly influenced by others—as, for example, by Walt Whitman, by Mr. Swinburne, and by Milton. But behind and beyond all this derivativeness is a genuine strong individual note. The hospital verses are a case in point, as also those "London Voluntaries" which have imaged forth London as no other poet has done. Who does not remember

Still, still the streets, between their
carcanets
Of linking gold, are avenues of sleep?

Henley has an astonishing power in giving an impression. Beauty is evident in very many of his poems, but force is his main attribute. At times he overdoes it, and the effect is strained, even brutal; but this, too, is characteristic of the man. Yet at his best, as in the "Voluntaries," or in some of his unrhymed pieces, or even in his later poems, "Hawthorn and Lavender," he strikes a note of real beauty and strength together which he owes to none.

The Athenaeum.

In some respects Henley resembled that "greatest, wisest Englishman," Samuel Johnson, whom he so much admired. Both struggled against the same physical evil, and both were obliged to confess

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

Both had a reputation among those who knew them least, or were barely sympathetic, which was not justified in the minds of those who knew them best. Both must, in all likelihood, owe their reputation rather to personality than actual performance. Henley was built on a scale designed for exercise and a vigorous life. Unkindly fate chained him to his desk and his crutch. His broad face shining like John Silver's, bearded like the pard, he was a modern representative of the Viking—in design. Nature unhappily marred what she should have made to the design. His nature was simply composite. He breathed fire with all the fury of his baresark ancestors one moment, and he was capable of weeping like a child at the next. This feminine or emotional trait entered into that strange and virile nature. It is nine years since his child died, and it was evident to all his friends that from the date of the loss he began to die. He has died at the early age of fifty-four, in the height of his reputation, if not of his influence. That had somewhat faded, but merely because it might not emanate from that retirement into which his private sorrow had driven him.

H. B. M. W.

THE LOST LEADER.

Hail and farewell! Through gold of sunset glowing,
Brave as of old your ship puts forth to sea;
We stand upon the shore to watch your going,
Dreaming of years long gone, of years to be.

The ship sails forth, but not from our remembrance,
 We who were once of your ship's company:
 Master of many a strong and splendid semblance,
 Where shall we find another like to thee?

Your ship sets sail. Whate'er the end restore you,
 Or golden Isles, or Night without a star,
 Never, Great-Heart, has braver barque before you
 Or sailed, or fought, or crossed the soundless bar.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

The Athenaeum.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Life of Dean Farrar, by his son, will not be ready for publication this year.

The Longmans announce a limited edition of "The Hollow Land and other Contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*," by William Morris. These first writings in prose and verse were printed in 1856, when Morris was twenty-two years old, and are now reprinted at the Chiswick Press with the Golden type designed by Morris for the Kelmscott Press.

Among the latest additions to the pensions on the English Civil List are Mrs. Gardiner, the wife of the historian, and Miss Rhoda Broughton, each of whom gets 75*£*, and Justin McCarthy, who receives 250*£*. The Athenaeum expresses surprise that the last two gifts should be necessary, in view of successful books of a popular character by both authors. But Mr. McCarthy's work as an historian might well have earned him the pension as an honor, regardless of questions of necessity.

The press-clipping bureaus have zeal but not always according to know-

ledge. One of them recently sent a letter addressed to "Mr. John Ruskin, care of Harper & Bros." enclosing a clipping relating to the new Ruskin volume, "Letters to M. G. and H. G." and saying, "You will wonder how you could ever do without our press clippings." This recalls the fact that when a new edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" was issued some years ago, the publishers received several letters addressed to "Mr. John Bunyan" one of which requested an autograph.

It is the opinion of Mrs. Humphry Ward that George Meredith as a novelist has created by his genius his own public. To illustrate the process she tells a story of Ludovic Halévy and the impressionist Degas. The artist gave to Halévy a picture of a dancer, and Halévy and his wife fell to disputing which was the head and which the feet of the dancer. Their friends took sides in the dispute, which was not settled until study of the impressionist's drawing resulted in comprehension. Then every one wondered that there could have been a dispute and all were pleased with the beauty of the sketch. By which not altogether flattering parable, Mrs. Humphry Ward

conveys the idea that comprehension of George Meredith comes only with a mighty effort, but that when it comes it brings rare enjoyment.

An English publishing house has engaged in no less an enterprise than a complete and unabridged translation of the novels of Dumas. There will be seventy-seven volumes, only a few of the novels being omitted. Of these, at least thirty have never been translated into English. The translations will be all new, and will be supervised by Mr. Alfred Allinson, assisted by a competent staff. The price of each volume of the ordinary edition will be sixpence and each novel will be contained within one volume. Some will be issued in double volumes at a shilling. Mr. Andrew Lang will prefix an Introduction to "The Three Musketeers;" but the rest, apparently, are not to be prefaced.

A readable story of English social and political life is E. Phillips Oppenheim's "A Prince of Sinners." The "Prince," a marquis of the Mephisto-phelian type so popular with some feminine readers, is not nearly so black as he is painted, but the mystery which has enveloped twenty years of his life holds the key to a plot whose details are worked out with considerable ingenuity. The book is thoroughly "up-to-date," Labouchère and his attacks on unaccredited philanthropies figuring under the slightest possible disguise, and a people's candidate on a protective-tariff platform playing a prominent part in the opening chapters. Its chief interest, however, lies in its discussion of current social problems, in connection with the work of its hero, the young reformer, Kings-ton Brooks. Little, Brown & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have undertaken the republication of Professor Arber's famous compilation, the "English Garner", but rearranged and classified, and furnished with entirely new Introductions, written by scholars and experts in the different fields covered by the collection. A compilation whose unique value has long been recognized by students of English history and literature is thus placed within the reach of American readers in an improved and extended form, the eight volumes of the original edition becoming twelve in the new. Four volumes are now ready. Two of these contain the records of "Voyages and Travels" of adventurous Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's time.—Sir John Hawkins, Richard Hasleton, Edward Wright, Sir Francis Drake and others. These are furnished with an Introduction by C. Raymond Beazley. A third volume of Critical Essays, which Churton Collins edits and introduces, contains selected literary essays and tracts of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, opening with an extract from Thomas Wilson's disquisition on the Art of Eloquence, and closing with Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard Improved", the discourse which the philosopher prefixed to his Almanack for 1757. A fourth volume on "Social England Illustrated" for which Andrew Lang provides the Introduction, is filled with tracts and treatises which show vividly, in prose and verse, and from many different points of view, the social conditions which prevailed in England in the seventeenth century. Altogether, these volumes, each in its different field, are a treasury of quaint and delightful material illuminating the history, the literature, and the life and society of the England of two or three centuries ago.

WANDERLIED.

The blackbird charmed me from my quiet chamber,
As in a dream I heard his sweet voice calling:
The garden-plots were paved with pearl and amber,
And all about the walks white petals falling.

Close hid within the misty green-veiled thicket
That strange voice drew my heart beyond believing;
And as I leaned across the orchard wicket
I knew not was it glad or was it grieving.

But this I know—'twas to no earthly meadows
He called me hence from out his dim wood's hollow:
He bade me to the Place of Dreams and Shadows,
And one day he will call and I shall follow.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.
The Athenaeum.

THE DOOR OF FAIRYLAND.

There's a white stone on Ben Bulben that's but a stone by day,
And none would take it for a door to open either way;
To glance of eye a stone it is, a stone to touch of hand,
Yet after sunset wide it swings, the door of Fairyland.

Through the white stone of Ben Bulben that nightly is a door Pass in and out the shadowy ones that make the rich men poor, And turn the misers spendthrifts, and send the wise men mad, And teach the winds the music that blows both gay and sad.

The south wind blows for pleasure, the north wind sets a-strain Tall masts and creaking cordage, the west wind brings the rain,

The east wind blows to Tir-na-n'Og and kindles like a brand Fire in the hearts of those who dream awake of Fairyland.

The east wind blows upon the stone that on Ben Bulden's crest Gleams in the darkness like a pearl upon a widow's breast; The stone moves outwards with a sound of laughter and of tears— Sets free the dead of yesterday, the lost of bygone years.

A white doe through the twilight glides glimmering, scarcely seen, A troop of fairy women pass all wearing of the green; A Banshee comes and makes her moan, the silver feet of Fand Strike daisies in the grass that shades the door of Fairyland.

Who lost his bride on bridal day may watch and see her pass Out through the door of Fairyland to dance on dewy grass; But though he charmed her with his tongue and held her with his hand, She would turn back, as Elly did from me to Fairyland.

Nora Chesson.
The Sketch.

LOVE'S TRANCE.

Love came shyly through a glade Trellis-worked with summer's shade; Fear, the zephyr's perfume tainting, Breathed on Love and left him fainting.

Love with drooping pinions lay Helpless through the weary day, Fell at eventide to weeping— Wept himself to death-like sleeping.

Scorn and Envy passing said, "Love is moonstruck, Love is dead!" Hope flew there when morn was breaking, Kist Love back to joy of waking.
Walter Herries Pollock.
Longman's Magazine.